

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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A NEW "REFORMATION."

It is remarkable that while the Catholic Church throughout Europe tends to liberalism, in the United States it is exceptionally reactionary. Of all the protests against the separation of the ecclesiastical and temporal powers of the Pope, the most numerous and the most vehement were from the United States. Here alone was a pious and devoted priest, who had discharged all his duties with singular ability, put under ban, excommunicated, as it were, for expressing sympathy with the cause of Italian Unity. In fact, the Church is here less tolerant than in any country in the world, Spain not excepted. Why this is so, is not obvious, and can hardly be accounted for except from the circumstance that its priesthood certainly, and most of its members, are recruited from, probably, the most ignorant and intolerant people of the world—the Irish. Expansion of ideas, and emancipation from forms and dogmas, so rapidly going on in Continental Europe, do not reach Ireland, where religious zeal is intensified by political hate, and where dense ignorance is the parent of insensate bigotry.

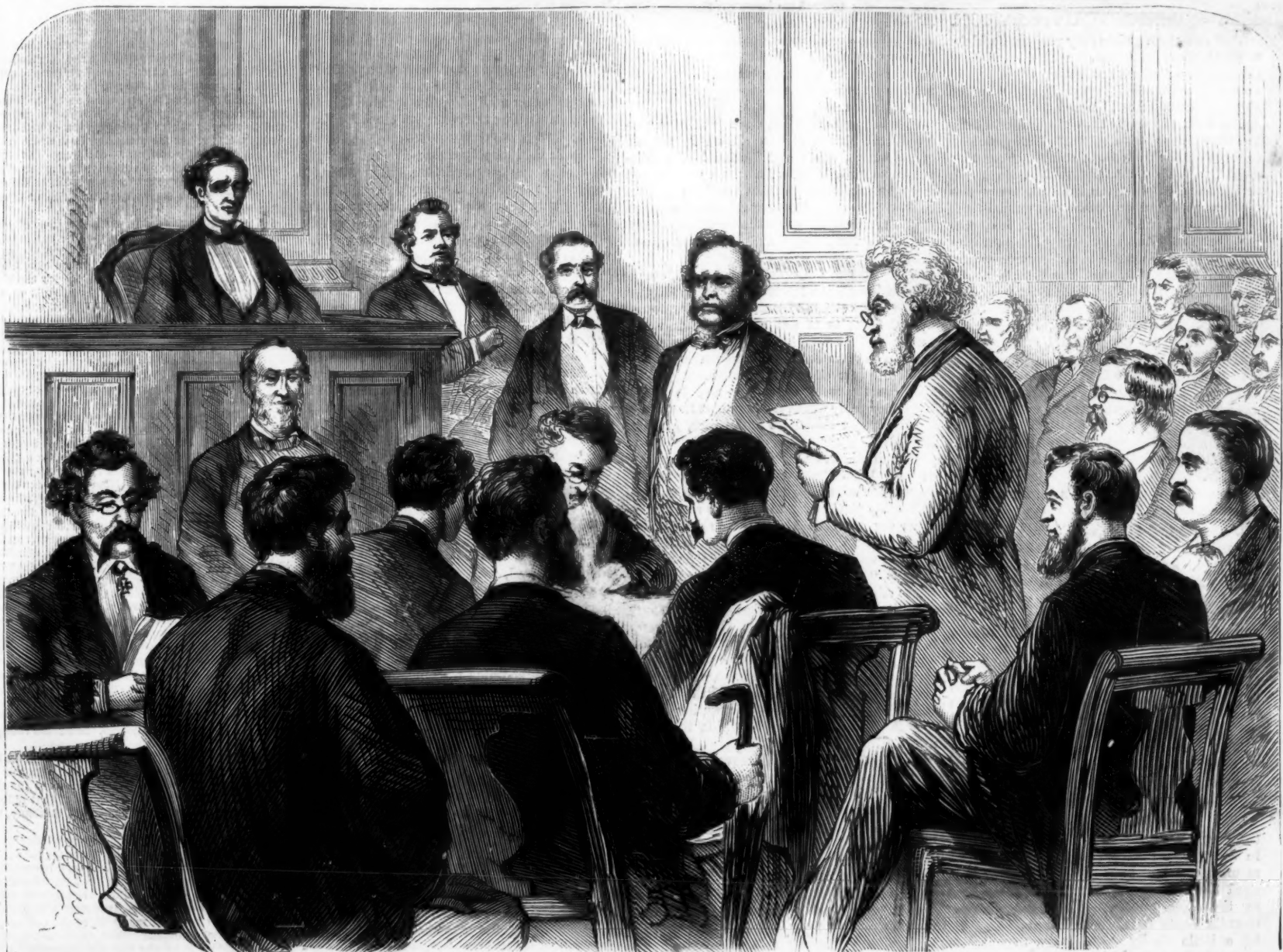
In Germany and Austria, the extraordinary dogma of Papal Infallibility, which places the judgment of a man in the Vatican on a footing with the decrees of God, is leading to a widespread protest; while here, it is, we believe, meekly, or blindly, accepted. That



AVERY D. PUTNAM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GURNEY.—SEE PAGE 163.



WILLIAM FOSTER, THE ALLEGED MURDERER.—SEE PAGE 163.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BROADWAY CAR HOMICIDE.—ARRAIGNMENT OF WILLIAM FOSTER, AT THE COURT OF Oyer AND TERMINER, MAY 3D, FOR THE ALLEGED MURDER OF MR. AVERY D. PUTNAM.—SEE PAGE 163.

dogma strikes at all civil freedom, and, if taken at its word, makes the *dictum* of a Pope superior to all law, before which all patriotism must bow, and all social organizations yield. What are constitutions or laws, country or the duties of citizenship, against the Divine Word proceeding from a co-ordinate Deity in Rome?

The States of Europe recognize the tendency of the impious assumption, and are rapidly preparing, with the active concurrence of their Catholic subjects, to separate themselves from the influence as well as the pretensions of Rome. Austria, the most faithful of Catholic States, has taken steps not only to abolish the Concordat with the Church of Rome, but to decide what shall be done practically in relation to the infallibility pretension. Bavaria, too, of all the German States eminently Catholic, has taken similar means of emancipation from Romish trammels. In these measures the lead is taken by men of the highest ecclesiastical position, and by the brightest lights of the Church. The King refuses the necessary royal assent for the promulgation of the dogma in his dominions, and a convention of the dissentients in the Church itself is soon to be held, which may lead to another "Reformation." In that convention, we may be sure, no American Catholic will take part. It will be conducted by other than Celtic intelligence and enlightenment.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1871.

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THE IMPENDING CAPITULATION.

THE American public may prepare itself for a great disappointment. "The High Joint Commission," which has been so long in session in Washington, is reported to have arrived at an "arrangement," which "covers more space than any treaty that the United States has ever entered into before." The Senate is to meet on the 10th inst., and the "arrangement" is to be submitted to its action, "in secret session." In the interval, every precaution is taken to prevent the terms of the arrangement from becoming public, lest, "as was the case with the Reverdy Johnson convention," public opinion might become so pronounced against it, that the Senate would reject it. From what has leaked out regarding its provisions, we have no doubt this would be the case. Lest it should be, however, the country is to be bound hand and foot, by "The High Joins," in secret, and the "arrangement" is to be called in to ratify their proceedings—in secret, and under Executive pressure. If, when the shameful details become known, the people protest, they will be told, as in the Alaska affair, that "the honor of the nation has been compromised," and that no retreat is possible.

The net results of all this solemn parade in Washington, seem to be:

1. The United States will be obliged to buy the privilege from the "New Dominion" of fishing on its coasts, and of exercising the rights that naturally belong to fishermen.
2. The island of San Juan, to which Great Britain never had the shadow of a just claim, will be graciously given up to the United States.
3. The whole "Alabama question" will be handed over to more "High Joins," with a recognized privilege of Great Britain to offset our claims with rebel cotton loans, Fenian raid damages, damages to British spies and agents in the Southern States, and bogus claims for property surreptitiously put in British names during the war, to shield it from seizure and confiscation, but which was nevertheless seized by the Union armies.

This is what the public must prepare itself to accept, unless there is more independence in the Senate than we give it credit for. The members of that body who so seriously damaged their influence with the President and in the Departments, by opposing General Grant's Santo Domingo scheme, will be glad, by a little timely subservience, to reinstate themselves in the high position of being able to control patronage and name postmasters, assessors, and tide-waiters, in their respective districts.

But whatever may be the action of the Senate, the great fact stands out boldly, that the Administration dares not let the people know, in advance, the terms of its surrender of American interests and honor.

FREIGHTAGE BETWEEN THE SEABOARD AND INTERIOR.

SOME of the leading features of the Jackson Administration are worthy of particular remembrance, in connection with the present condition of the United States. In the days of "Old Hickory," the Union rung with denunciations of such powers as were then possessed by the "United States Bank"—powers liable to abuse, for partisan as well as pecuniary purposes; as it was said they had been and were then being perverted, and as they are always liable to perversion by energetic and ambitious men like Nicholas Biddle, the then President of the "Great Bank"—the "monster," as President Jackson stigmatized it. Any institution, with what were then considered enormous powers over trade and currency, was believed by the popular masses to be prejudicial to the public interest—contrary to the spirit of our government and people, in various ways. And no plank in the platform of the "Jackson-Republicans," as the Democrats were then styled, was more distinctly marked or more warmly supported by them, than the denunciation against that and all other "institutions" which might be perverted to partisan or pecuniary profit by overgrown capitalists and political schemers, like "Old Nick," as the then Bank Autocrat was sometimes irreverently nicknamed.

The "monstrous institution" which thus alarmed a preceding generation of the American people, had a capital of only \$35,000,000—of which the Government owned one-fifth, with title to corresponding representation in the Directory—an amount of capital which seems small in comparison with the several mighty aggregations of wealth and power developed in these days among the controllers of another "institution"—the Railroad System—which had not then sprung into organized position and power. What would be said or done by Jackson or Jefferson—the favorite exemplars of Democratic principle and practice—if permitted to witness such a state of things as the American people are now compelled to endure?

If the question were distinctly placed before our countrymen, of all parties—and things are now verging toward an issue on that question—how many among our millions would coolly vote to place or allow such power in any man or body of men as is possessed by the few railroad-princes who substantially control the means of trade and travel through all sections of the United States?

The jealousy of power, the assertion of personal and public rights, shown in all our organic laws, State and National—the independence for which the American people have struggled through partisan conflicts and in battle-fields—all, all answer this great question with unmistakable emphasis—with a spirit worthy of the lineage and character of our nation.

And yet, what do we all now behold, everywhere through the land? Conceding all that can be justly claimed for the benefits conferred by railroads, is it not an almost universal complaint that those benefits are accompanied by evils so great and rapidly increasing, that a small number of railroad magnates possess and exert powers which the people of no section or party would deliberately allow to any Legislative or Executive authorities, State or National?

Combinations, or "consolidations" as they are styled, have been effected in a manner that vests a few scheming monopolists with almost illimitable power over the charges and regulations for travel and trade—to an extent so aggravating, that it may well arouse the old Jackson war-cry against allowing "power" to be thus "monopolized by the few, at the expense of the many."

It is now notorious that a few railway-princes, in several States, have acquired degrees of wealth and power which seriously affect the public interests—overruling Courts and Legislatures, and otherwise operating in ways counterbalancing many of the benefits which railways afford, and preventing the extension of other benefits to which the people are entitled.

But, happily, organized movements for repressing railroad monopolies and abuses are now assuming a well-defined character, in several influential quarters. The State of Illinois, for instance, has set an important example. The people of no section have better opportunities for seeing the defects as well as realizing the benefits of the railroad system. Illinois deserves credit for the firmness with which its people framed and approved the new Constitution in reference to these matters. The popular majority whereby that constitution was adopted (about 100,000!) evinces a decided resolution for reforming evils which monopolizing audacity inflicted to an unbearable degree. The formal official and popular action

on these important subjects, by a State situated and influential as the great Prairie State, will aid powerfully in promoting the cause of reform. In Missouri, also, the current of opinion is beginning to run strongly against overshadowing monopolizing speculators. "It is our duty to strike down these monstrous monopolies with which the millionaires have sapped the life-blood of the people," said a prominent speaker (General Frank Blair) at a late city meeting in St. Louis. And in Virginia, as we see by the *Lynchburgh News*, the sentiments of Governor Palmer, of Illinois, are warmly echoed against what is styled "the power grown up in the State greater than the State itself."

A late number of the *North American Review* has an article worthy of general consideration, as an indication of Eastern opinions in this direction. Existing evils are pointed out to an extent and with a clearness that may surprise many who have not closely examined the subject in its varied bearings—not only on the trade and travel of the community, but on the purity of legislation and the integrity of our Courts. The subject has been studied for considerable time by the writer in the *Review*—Charles Francis Adams, Jr.—yet, while all impartial readers will probably concur in his views of the difficulties, many will question the efficiency of his suggestion toward remedying the troubles. Appoint any officers you choose for regulating railroad operations, it is hardly probable that they would succeed much better than the judges and legislators whom the millionaire monopolists control so largely.

The wealth, power and adroitness of railroad magnates enable them substantially to elude or defy the force of laws that are sufficient for ordinary purposes. A controlling power may be most safely and most effectually placed in the hands of the business community. Josiah Quincy, as well as Mr. Adams, in Boston, and many persons in New York, Washington and elsewhere, are familiar with another plan, which seems to us to promise good results in increasing the effectiveness, as well as in correcting the abuses of the railroad system. We allude to the "Anti-Monopoly Cheap-Freight System"—which we briefly noticed on a former occasion, in connection with the decease of one of its most zealous champions, Lorenzo Sherwood. That system, as shadowed in sundry publications and in several bills before Congress, though overridden by a legion of bills for granting vast tracts to land-grabbing railroad speculators, will probably command a large share of popular attention ere long. The people of the West and East are alike interested in requiring cheaper and quicker transit for products that cannot be profitably moved at present freight-rates—the Western farmers losing millions annually from this difficulty in sending their surplus crops for Eastern or European consumption.

The Anti-Monopoly Cheap-Freight policy is alike simple in its provisions and grand in its prospective results. It aims to create lines of railway on main routes, which, like the canals, shall be open to all forwarders who pay tolls for running their respective conveyances. This would counteract the monopolizing, dictatorial spirit now prevalent in railway management. But there is another great object to be effected. This Cheap-Freight System contemplates running all the trains with equal speed—say, eight or ten miles an hour—which would enable a double-track railroad to transport cargoes much quicker and cheaper than can be done on lines of mixed traffic, with passenger-trains running so often that freight-trains can only work their way slowly, having frequently to turn out on sidings, so as to let the fast passenger lines go ahead. Speed and cheapness might thus be secured to an extent that would surprise people who have never turned thought carefully to the subjects. By calculations in memorials before Congress, and in the publications of the Anti-Monopoly Cheap-Freight League, it would seem that a well-built, double-track, freight railroad, with trains running at equal speed—say, eight miles an hour—could transport, at least, four times more freight than the Erie Canal could take between the Atlantic and the Lakes. If any one doubts this estimate, let him figure up the difference between railway freight-trains running, all through the year, at a rate of eight or ten miles per hour, and the speed of canal-boats, averaging one mile and a half per hour, and that for only seven months per annum—being "frozen in" for the other five months out of the twelve.

The favor with which this improved railroad policy is viewed by many of the best practical minds in our lands, and the commendation it has met in England, are indicated by the publications on the subject. In the New York State Constitutional Convention, a few years ago, when railroads, canals, and finances were under consideration, one of the most intelligent members (the Hon. Freeman Clarke, ex-Comptroller of the National Currency, and now just re-elected to Congress from Rochester, where he is a Bank President), declared that capital enough can be readily secured to build a Cheap-Freight Equal-Right Railroad across the whole breadth of this State, and

beyond, whenever the project shall be vigorously started.

If there is any better mode of quickening and cheapening freight transit between the West and East, let it be promptly made known. Railroad improvement, to accomplish such results, is the greatest physical necessity of the nation; and it may be safely predicted, that the question will, before long, become one of our most important State and National issues.

FUNDAMENTAL REFORMS.

PERHAPS the most repulsive-looking book, pamphlet, or periodical that has ever fallen under our notice, is one that may be found on some of our news-stands, entitled, "The Modern Thinker." It glows in blue and red, with a predominant hue of sulphur, and appears, externally, to be an unsalable sensational novel, which has been thus tricked out to delude the lovers of "yellow-covered literature" into a purchase. The style, typographically, is certainly against it—repellent, and offensive to good taste. And yet its contents—printed shockingly, on variously tinted paper, in inks as various—are able and instructive, even if somewhat "advanced"—which is, we believe, the euphemism for doctrines as yet very imperfectly accepted, and which are of dubious import.

The initial article, by Professor John Fiske, of Cambridge University, is, without exception, the ablest résumé of the critical analysis of the life and doctrines of Christ, and the dogmas that have grown up in the Church regarding him, that has yet appeared on either side of the Atlantic. Without passion, clearly and forcibly, the whole evidence concerning the life and character of the founder of Christianity is presented in a compact form, and in a form against which the religious enthusiast and the sternest positivist can make no complaint.

It is not our purpose, however, to review or criticize this very anomalous publication, but to call attention to a brief and suggestive article, by a person whose name is new to us, rather quaintly entitled, "Rebuilding the Temple, by Salem Dutcher." It contains food for reflection:

It is proposed to offer some suggestions for the better government of these United States.

The Money Power.—I. Under the present system, the Senate consists of 74 members, and the House of 243. A majority in either body, of 38 in the Senate and 122 in the House, constitute a quorum; and a majority of a quorum, or 20 in the Senate and 62 in the House, can pass any appropriation bill. It is suggested that the rule should be a two-thirds vote, or, as the figures now stand, 50 in the Senate and 162 in the House. This would forbid the slipping through of appropriations "on a thin house," and impede, if not prevent, appropriations for party purposes.

II. The President has no option as to the items of an appropriation; he must approve all or reject all, and to remedy the evil growing out of this—called "sandwiching," or the insertion of corrupt items in a bill otherwise fair and right—it is suggested that he should have the power to approve any appropriation and disapprove any other appropriation in the same bill, returning the disapproved items as in the case of any other veto.

III. A practice has grown up in Congress of appropriating the public lands, money, and credit to private railway companies, which companies, while constructing their roads out of the property of the people of the United States, yet charge said people for the use of said roads as fully as if they had been built with the companies' own private means. The corruptions superinduced by this practice are even more signal than the injustice it embodies of charging the people for the use of their own property; and it is suggested that Congress should be strictly inhibited from any loan or gift of the lands, money, or credit of the United States to any person, association, or corporation, for the purposes of internal improvement.

New States.—The Senate consists of two representatives—aptly termed ambassadors—from each State, and by reason of this equality all the States are governmentally upon a par. On any given bill the one member in the House from Nevada may vote no, and the thirty-one members from New York vote ay, thus—supposing the vote of the House otherwise to be equally divided—carrying the measure by thirty majority; but on reaching the Senate the two Nevada Senators are equal in their votes to the two from New York, and so far as any measure turns on the States in question, Nevada puts New York at a dead-lock. The chain being no stronger than its weakest link, it thus appears that the political superiority of a large State to a small one is more fanciful than real, and in this view the immense importance of admitting a State may be perceived. And yet, just as twenty-five per cent. of Congress may appropriate millions, the same small proportion can bring in new States. The temptation so to do for the purpose of retaining or enlarging party power is one that these few years past have shown to be irresistible, and it is therefore suggested that no new States should be admitted save by a two-thirds vote of both houses, the Senate voting by States.

The Presidency.—Under the present system the President is eligible indefinitely, and experience has proven that no sooner is a man chosen to the chief magistracy than he uses the powers of that office to secure a re-election. It is suggested, therefore, that the President be not re-eligible.

Office.—The practice of putting up the public employments of the United States as a prize for the victorious party at each presidential election, is too notorious an evil to need exposition. An efficient, faithful, and necessary public officer should not be removed so long as his services are necessary, trustworthy and competent, always excepting members of the Cabinet and persons in the diplomatic service, the nature of whose employ renders it proper that the Executive should have the power to remove them at pleasure. Saving these, it is suggested that all public officers should be removable by the appointing power when their services are unnecessary, or for misconduct or inefficiency, and not otherwise. On this as a basis, a civil

service, which is an institution of slow growth, might be reared.

The Treaty Power.—Under the present system, it is the prerogative of the President, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." As this latter clause puts it in the power of two-thirds of a quorum, or but a fraction over one-third of the whole number of Senators, to concur in the making of any treaty proposed by the Executive, it follows, as the law now stands, that the President and any 26 out of the 74 Senators may conclude a treaty which shall be as binding upon the United States as the Constitution itself. By such treaty, furthermore, the faith of the United States may be pledged to the payment of any large amount of money—as witness the \$7,000,000 in gold coin for Alaska—without any consultation with, or consent by, the House, which is supposed to be so peculiarly the guardian of the public wealth, that all bills for raising revenue must originate therein, and on such pledge the House is reduced to the alternate either of repudiating the same and thus staining the credit of the Republic, or acceding to an appropriation which it may not approve either in object or amount. To do away with the evils of so anomalous a disposition of powers, it is suggested that in case a proposed treaty calls for money, the concurrence of the House by a two-thirds vote thereof should be obtained as to so much of said treaty as regards the contemplated expenditure, and then that two-thirds of all the Senators elected to the Senate concur in the treaty as a whole; all treaties not calling for money beyond a certain merely ministerial amount, say \$50,000, to be concurred in by a majority of all the Senators elected.

Representation.—Coming to the House, which is supposed to represent population, it appears that, though the popular vote at the Presidential election of 1868 was 2,985,031 Republicans to 2,648,830 Democrats, the Representatives stand 164 Republicans to 70 Democrats, instead of 129 Republicans to 114 Democrats, as it should have been on the ratio of the popular vote. This disproportion is due much less to a defect in, than to an interference with, the electoral system. But for extraneous violence, the elections of 1868 would have given the composition of the House as 124 Republicans to 119 Democrats, which would fairly enough have represented the popular vote as above given. As regards the general result, therefore, it does not appear but that the present electoral system, if respected, would give a representation in the House consonant with the political complexion of the Republic at large; but, on coming to particulars, it is evident that the representation of the several States is not always a fair reflex of party strength within them. Thus, the actual and proportionate representation respectively of Massachusetts and Kentucky as compared with the strength of parties within those States, is as follows:

	VOTE.	REPRESENTATIVES.			
		Dem.	R.	D.	R.
Massachusetts.	132,000	63,000	7	3	10
Kentucky.	40,000	116,000	2	7	0

To provide against such nullification of the minority as this, is the aim of minority, or proportional representation, of which, as the election of Representatives is purely a State matter, and this paper regards the Federal polity alone, nothing will be said, save so far as respects the effect of minority representation on the House. It is carefully to be borne in mind that, while proportional representation may give the minority more voice, it by no means follows that it necessarily gives that minority more power. Somewhere the majority must rule, and that place is the representative body. On the subject of representation, it is suggested that, whatever good results may inure to particular States from proportional representation, a correct reflex in the House of the whole country can be best obtained by a removal of all present restraints upon the electoral system set forth in the Federal Constitution, and a relegation of the people of the United States to their original unfettered right of selecting as their representatives whom they please.

The best practical manner of carrying into effect the suggestions of this paper, need not now be touched. For the present, it is sufficient to commend them on their abstract merits to the public attention.

PARIS still holds out against President Thiers and his Assembly, with a pertinacity as unexpected as it is efficient. The "National Guards" fight with a determination that implies both strength and desperation; and, notwithstanding all we hear to the contrary, the weight of success has, thus far, been on their side. We are bound to believe, almost as a matter of course, that they will be beaten in the end; yet it is remarkable that but few of the soldiers of the line will fight against them; and it is very significant that regiment after regiment goes over to them bodily. Undoubtedly, as far as "square" fighting is concerned, the Parisians have thus far had the best of it, and there is little doubt, if the investment of Paris was not supplemented by the Prussians holding the northern forts, they would speedily compel M. Thiers and his forces to evacuate Versailles. There really seems to be no course left for M. Thiers and his Assembly except resort to the process of starvation, as the Germans did. But, then, will not the insurrection reappear when the pressure is over? *Nous verrons.*

It is not our purpose to comment on the latest outrage of ruffianism in this city, since we hope the murderer may be hanged before these lines reach our readers. We merely wish to call attention to what are the provisions of the laws, as interpreted by Independent Courts, in respect to the rights and redresses of passengers in public conveyances. We quote from a recent charge of a Judge in Maine:

"The carrier's obligation is to carry his passenger safely and properly, and to treat him respectfully; and if he entrusts the performance of this duty to his servants, the law holds him responsible for the manner in which they execute the trust. The law seems to be now well settled that the carrier is obliged to protect his passenger from violence and insult, from whatever source arising. He is not regarded as an insurer of his passenger's safety against every possible source of danger, but he is bound to use all such reasonable precautions as human judgment and foresight are capable of, to make his passenger's journey

safe and comfortable. He must not only protect his passenger against the violence and insults of strangers and co-passengers, but, *a fortiori*, against the violence and insults of his own servants. If this duty to the passenger is not performed, if this protection is not furnished, but, on the contrary, the passenger is assaulted and insulted through the negligence or the willful misconduct of the carrier's servant, the carrier is necessarily responsible."

A HINDOO pundit, discussing brandy, observed that it was "pleasant intoxication;" he did not admit that it was agreeable to the taste; that in itself it was a nice, attractive drink, but that it was "pleasant intoxication;" that it produced an exhilaration which, while it lasted, was an agreeable sensation. Therein he admitted the brandy was for "drunk," not for "drinky," just as do thousands who drink only for "drunk." There are sailors, after a long voyage, who will drink anything that intoxicates, although a death's-head and cross-bones sparkle in every bubble, and accept the certain punishment in the sickness of the next day, in the absence without leave, and in the robbery of their hard-earned wages, which is sure to follow their helpless intoxication. There are soldiers who hold their noses while they drink their allowance of grog, the smell of which would be otherwise unendurable, and thus openly avow "drunk" for "drinky." There are, then, people who find a pleasure in being intoxicated, a fact difficult to believe. Most men are, however, beguiled into becoming drunkards, or, at any rate, drinkers, by the world having given all its science, ingenuity and skill to the production of intoxicating drinks, leaving Nature to grow tea and coffee, and the streams to supply cold water.

THE Presidential tarantula has bitten General Sherman. His bid for the Democratic candidature for the White House was "put in," at New Orleans, in the course of a public speech, a few days ago—in which speech he clasped his old enemy, Hood, to his breast, in a metaphorical way, and gushed on his "rebel friend" in a most effective and mellow-dramatic manner. The "bid" was as follows:

"I probably have as good means of information as most persons, in regard to what is called the Ku-Klux, and am perfectly satisfied that the thing is greatly over-estimated; and if the Ku-Klux bills were kept out of Congress, and the army kept at their legitimate duties, there are enough good and true men in all Southern States to put down all Ku-Klux or other bands of marauders."

General Sherman has now only to declare against the payment of the National Debt, and for a recognition of the Rebel Cotton Loan, to become a prominent Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He has evidently propitiated the Ku-Klux, and after that, repudiation will hardly cost an effort.

DR. ROBERT HUNT, in the *Popular Science Review*, has an article on Coal, in which he makes the computation that, taking the diameter of the earth at 7,926 miles, or 13,880,760 yards, the amount of coal raised in Great Britain, in the year 1870, would make a solid bar twenty-four feet wide and three feet thick, extending through the centre of the earth at the equator. The mechanical lifting power of that coal in the form of heat, the Doctor estimates at 190,212,000,000,000 pounds—more, probably, than all mankind could raise together.

THE statue recently raised by the State of Maryland to the late Governor Hicks, is thus described by one who has seen it:

"Governor Hicks sacrificed his slaves, and died insolvent. Maryland has erected a monumental statue, costing \$6,000, to his memory. It is the most hideous marble monstrosity ever beheld. It would not be idolatry to worship it, for it is unlike anything in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The very birds flee from this spectral hideousness, and sit in the neighboring groves and weep. So much for State pride, which gives the preference to a Maryland stone-cutter over a Northern sculptor."

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS," published in Boston, under the supervision of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," calls attention to the careless habit of builders and others, of throwing pieces of boards, laths, etc., containing nails, into the street. It states that in Boston a single blacksmith has taken from the feet of horses over two hundred nails. Many of the poor animals were disabled for life.

THE London *Saturday Review* says of Mr. Brett Harte's recent volume of poems, that it has "some mediocre pieces in English, and some quaint, and now and then vigorous, passages, in the dialect of the Far West."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

London.—Artists consulting the "Book of Fate."

The removal, a couple of years back, of the British Royal Academy to its commodious quarters in Burlington Gardens, did little to relieve the pressure of pictures competing for exhibition. Our sketch represents the throng of "outside" artists, who, having offered their performances for the annual exhibition, and passed some weeks in uncertainty, have assembled

to learn the decision of the committee. To the questionable consideration and delicacy of a porter the Royal Academy intrusts its "book of fate," and to this functionary the candidates have to apply. The lady artists, as well as those wearing beards, are held for a while in this cruel suspense. The time for learning the decision being unfixed, applications commence early, and increase, until, in the words of a witness, the anxious and struggling crowd look like paupers at a workhouse-door.

The Easter Monday Procession at Noble, Africa.

The town of Noble is a settlement of modern times, sheltering forty thousand souls, close to an ancient city of the same name, the Rome of aboriginal South Africa. The religious ceremonies performed there are of the most puerile character, and would be thought by most equally idolatrous with those formerly held in the same spot by the descendants of Mumbo Jumbo. On Easter Monday is celebrated the *Festa del Señor de los Temblores*, or Festival of the Lord of Earthquakes. On this day the public Plaza in front of the Cathedral is hung with garlands and festoons, and the belfry utters its loudest notes. The images of the saints are borne out from their shrines, covered with fresh and gaudy decorations. The Madonna of Bethlehem, San Cristoval, San Blas, and San José, are borne on in elevated state, receiving as they go the prayers of all the Maries, and Christophers, and Josephs, who respectively regard them as patrons. But the crowning honors are reserved for the miraculous Crucifix, called the *Lord of Earthquakes*, which is supposed to protect the city from the dreaded terrestrial shocks, the *Temblores*. The procession winds around a prescribed route, giving opportunity for public prayers and the devotions of the multitude; the miraculous image, in a new spangled skirt, that gives it the most incongruous resemblance to an operadancer, is finally shut up in the church; and then the glad throng, feeling secure from earthquakes for another year, dance and sing in the Plaza all night long.

The Civil War in Paris—Arrest of the Archbishop—Burning the Guillotine.

An artist who has braved the hot scenes since the armistice, sends a couple of sketches of actual incidents of the civil conflict. His drawings, showing the mob of Democratic enthusiasts bringing the timbers of the broken-up guillotine to be consumed in a bonfire, at the foot of the statue of Voltaire, as well as the arrest of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris, with his two Grand Vicars, by order of the revolutionary dictators, will show the political temper of the faction now in power within the city. The guillotine has long been the instrument of civil authority with the French Government, and is sacrificed by the Communists not as an engine associated with the first Revolution, but as the instrument of legal power. Executions took place, under the late dynasty, about daybreak, in front of La Roquette, the guillotine being drawn from a building near by, and set up when wanted. It is curious enough that an apparatus associated in every one's mind with insurrection, should come to be the bugbear of insurrectionists, and be destroyed as such.

Scenes in Paris.—Dovecote of the Carrier Pigeons—Refugees in the Crypt of the Pantheon.

The Government of National Defense gave in charge to Monsieur Derouard, No. 18, Rue Rambuteau, Paris, the oversight of the Carrier-Pigeon Service, during the siege. "We have been to see them," wrote a newspaper correspondent, "these winged post-men, both at the establishment of Monsieur Derouard and at that of Monsieur Goyet, Rue de Magenta. Our entrance put them to flight, and we were tempted to say, 'What wild employes!' But, at the sight of the superintendent, the affectionate birds came up to receive their grain of nourishment from the hand."

During the bombardment, the living inhabitants of Paris were compelled to ask hospitality of the dead. The Pantheon, that shrine so sacrilegiously dedicated to the "Great Men" of France, was made a shelter for many of the miserable, poor and frightened populace. The vaults under the western nave of the Pantheon are arranged like the Roman tombs at Pompeii. One of them is known as that of the Marshals of Napoleon; and here, the toilet of the grisette and the dinner of the poor were performed in the shade of the ashes of Lannes, Bugeville and Montebello.

Scotland.—Lord Dunmore's Steam-Plow, invented by K. W. Thomson, of Edinburgh.

A road traction engine, the invention of Mr. R. W. Thomson, of Edinburgh, has been used with advantage by the Earl of Dunmore, in various kinds of farm labor. On attempting to use it with a plow, various obstacles were at first found, but at last success was attained in the three-furrowed balance-plow, exhibited and put through its paces at Dunmore, as represented in the engraving. The ground was heavy after rain, but the engine traveled well, and the plowing was excellent. His lordship calculates, that, with steam, five acres may be plowed in a day at a cost of 18s. 9d., or less than five dollars.

The Sulina Mouth of the Danube.

The recent Conference of the European Powers on the Black Sea question has decided, among other things, to prolong twelve years more the functions of the European Commission for the improvement of the navigation of the Danube. This is a matter of great commercial importance to all nations. The works are now almost finished. Some temporary constructions, made in 1861, consisted chiefly of two moles or piers running out into the sea, and directing the river current over the bar. The effect of this was, in a short time, to sweep away the banks of sand that had, from time immemorial, proved such an obstacle to the navigation as at times almost to bar the entrance to seagoing vessels, and a good navigable channel of from sixteen to seventeen feet in depth was obtained. Each of these piers consisted of three rows of piles, in which the timbers of that on the sea side were close together, surmounted by a platform, which gave the necessary rigidity to the structure. On each side of the close piling, stones were thrown in at random up to the water-level, at which they have been maintained for the last ten years, and thus settlements caused by heavy gales and the scour of river-floods have been made good. In this way a solid foundation has been gradually obtained, on which the permanent work, a superstructure of solid concrete, has been built. On entering the port of Sulina from the sea, the principal buildings that first strike the eye are the Hospital and the Navigation and Post Offices, erected by the Commission in the years 1868 and 1869. The former, for seamen of all nations, is a commodious building, making up thirty beds, and it is provided with all the newest appliances for the comfort of patients. There is an English Protestant church, lately built on a site granted by the Turkish

Government, with funds subscribed by friends in England and by captains of English ships in the harbor. Sir Charles Hartley, who resides at Sulina, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stokes, R.E., the British Commissioner, exerted themselves for its erection. The view, looking up the port and river, is taken from the light-house, and gives a good idea of the town, which of late years has been much improved. Along the right bank a line of quays has been commenced by the Commission, which has proved of great service to the shipping. The port generally presents a very animated appearance, from the number of vessels entering and leaving, which can now be done in nearly all weather, thanks to the improved state of the entry.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MADAME RISTORI is under an engagement to play in Spain next fall.

CLARA SCHUMANN, the celebrated German pianist, is coming to the United States.

SIGNOR ARDITI is engaged to conduct the grand opera at St. Petersburg in the coming season.

GOUNOD is in London, composing a cantata for the inauguration of the Universal Exhibition next year.

"BARBAROSSA," a dramatic poem in one act, by Julius Hein, music by Bernard Hopffer, is one of the new productions ordered for the Friedenstest at Berlin.

THE "Old Man of the Mountain," a dramatization of Walter Scott's story of "The Talsman," has been produced in handsome style at the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore.

MESDAMES PATTI and TREBELLI are engaged as *prime donne* of the Italian operatic company at Hamburg this summer. The former lady will receive 40,000 francs for ten performances.

"FAL-SAC-AP-PA," an English adaptation by Mr. H. S. Leigh, of Offenbach's operetta "Les Brigands," has been brought out at the Globe, London. The Princess Matchinsky takes part in it.

MISS ELZA, a twelve-year old *prima donna*, of Vienna, is coming to America with the celebrated orchestra composed wholly of ladies, and conducted by a lady, the whole under engagement to an American *impresario*.

MR. CHARLES A. WELLES, the musical and dramatic critic of the *Evening Mail*, is making a specialty, for that capital title paper, of notes of theatrical and musical matters, both in America and Europe, and keeps the subscribers thoroughly posted on these interesting topics.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG, the renowned *artiste*, whose piano performances have everywhere called forth the most unqualified praise, gives a *matinee musicale* at Steinway Hall on the 17th inst., on which occasion she will be assisted by Ole Bull and Theodore Thomas's unrivaled orchestra.

THE Saturday Concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, May 6th, was characterized by two very pleasant incidents—the singing of Miss Krebs, the talented *pianiste*, in a scene from "Faust;" and the violin recitals of Herr Damrosch, who is spoken of as the probable leader of the Arion Society.

A LAWSUIT between Berthold Auerbach and Ernst Kell, of the Leipzig *Gartenlaube*, which will shortly come off before the tribunals of that city, is expected to give the public an insight into the compensation which the leading German novelists, not a few of whom have been subpoenaed as witnesses, have obtained from their publishers in the course of the last ten years.

In answer to repeated invitations, Mrs. Macready gave another brief season of her artistic readings at Steinway Hall, New York, last week. Among other gems, she gave her original conception of "The Bell," by Poe, considered the most difficult of rendition of any in the English language. An imitation of the intonation of the different bells was submitted, which elicited hearty applause.

SHAKESPEARE's fine pastoral, "As You Like It," was brought out at Niblo's, New York, on the evening of May 2d. The main features of the performance were the *Jaques* of Mr. E. L. Davenport and the *Rosalind* of Miss Rose Evans, who then made her first appearance in the metropolis. Mr. Davenport, always a favorite, won unqualified praise by his thoughtful treatment of the character.

THE Spring season of Italian Opera opened at the Academy of Music, New York, on Monday evening, May 1st, under auspicious circumstances. The initial opera was Donizetti's "Polauto," with the following cast: *Pauline*, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg; *Polauto*, Signor Villani; *Severus*, Signor Reyna; *Odithenes*, Signor Bacelli. "Un Ballo in Maschera" was presented on the 5th, with several new *artistes*.

At the concert of the Church Music Association, May 3d, a great charm was conferred upon the audience by Mr. Matthison's easy perfection in reading the play—"Midsummer Night's Dream." His condensation of the plot, his declamation, and the cadence in which he sometimes read, respectively revealed the talents of the literary man, of the actor, and of the cultured musician, familiar with the exigencies of the orchestration.

MEYERBEER's posthumous opera "L'Africaine" was produced at the Stadt Theatre, New York, on the evening of May 2d, before a densely packed audience. Mme. Lichtmay sustained the character of *Selika*, and Herr Vierling that of *Netusko*, both receiving merited applause. Their renditions were careful, conscientious, and truthful, which cannot be said of the other artists. The opera was well mounted, and, in spite of some vocal and orchestral drawbacks, was highly successful.

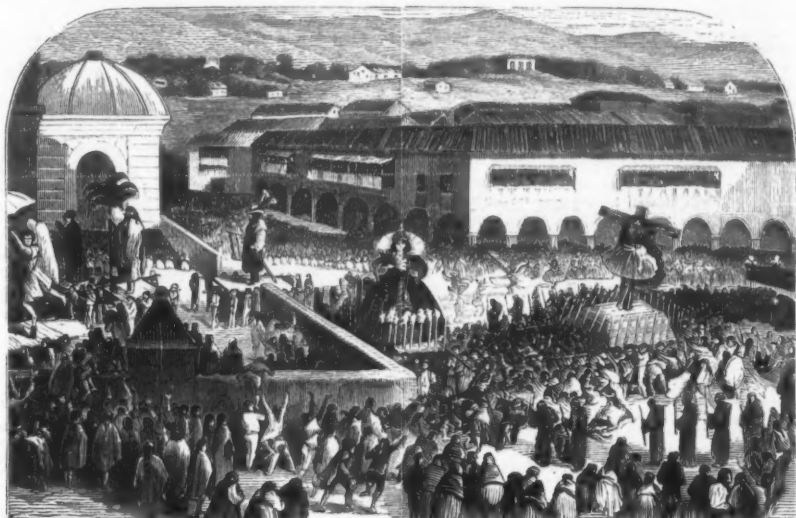
THE famous organ of the Boston Coliseum is happy in being played by a master hand. Mr. Morgan, who manipulates it, is excelled by few, if any, organists in the country. One of his last successes was in an *offertoire*, executed at Providence, in which he excited the enthusiasm in his audience which is truly rare in respect to organ performances. He introduced the *vox humana* with exquisite skill, and in his *encores* displayed a wide range of musical study. The *Providence Journal* says: "The audience cheered and applauded—handkerchiefs waved; and . . . we have never seen so much excitement created at an organ concert."

THE closing concert of the season of the Church Music Association was given on Wednesday evening, May 3d, at Steinway Hall, New York. The vast audience bore evidence to the worth and popularity of the organization. The chorus, numbering between two and three hundred singers, and the orchestra, over eighty, were seated in an artistically arranged staging built over the regular platform, rising to the height of forty feet from the floor. The following programme was performed: Part I. Overture—*La Muette di Portici*, Anber; Grand Mass—*Soil*, orchestra and chorus, Niedermeier. Part II. The music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn. Mesdames Anna Bishop and Clara Perl, and Messrs. William S. Leggat and Remmert, sang the solo passages with great effect. The music was directed by Dr. Pech, who has labored with much earnestness to bring the orchestra to the highest standard of proficiency. Between the first and the second part of the concert, he was made the recipient of a handsome watch and chain—the gift of the singers and members of the Association.

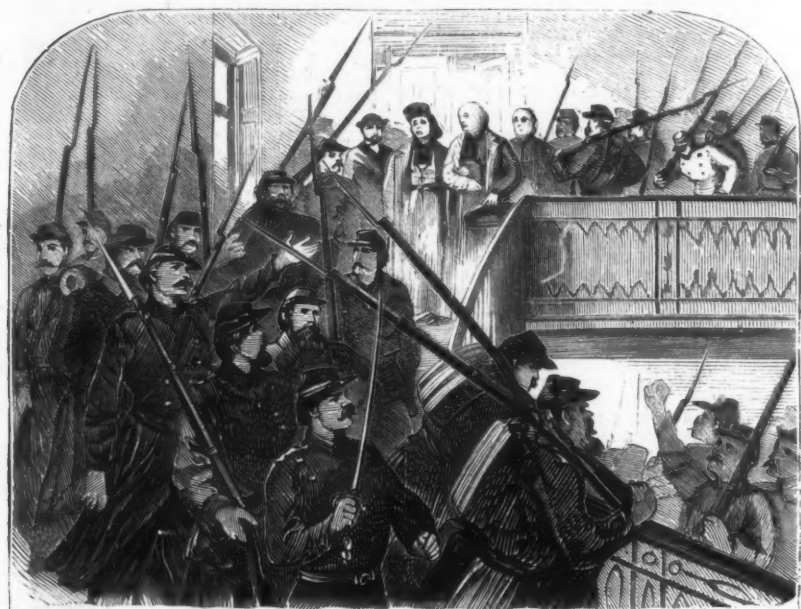
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



LONDON.—"THE BOOK OF FATE"—ARTISTS CONSULTING THE REGISTER OF WORKS ADMITTED TO THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



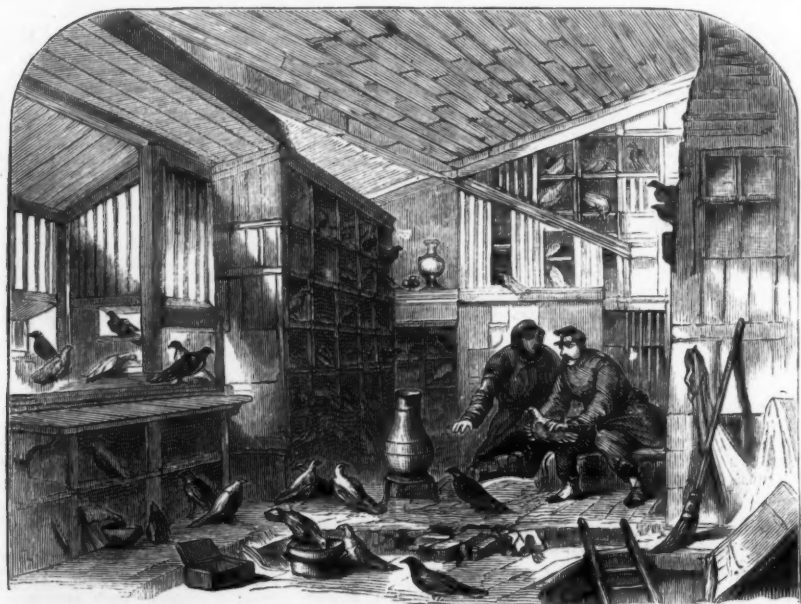
AFRICA.—PROCESSION OF THE CRUCIFIX CALLED "LORD OF THE EARTHQUAKES," ON EASTER MONDAY, AT NOBLE.



THE CIVIL WAR IN PARIS.—ARREST OF THE ARCHBISHOP BY THE COMMUNISTS.



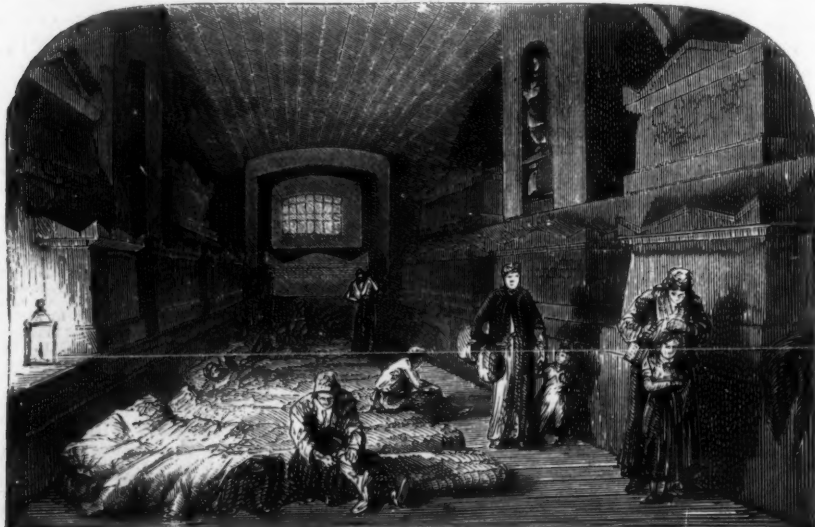
THE CIVIL WAR IN PARIS.—BURNING THE GUILLOTINE, IN THE PLACE VOLTAIRE.



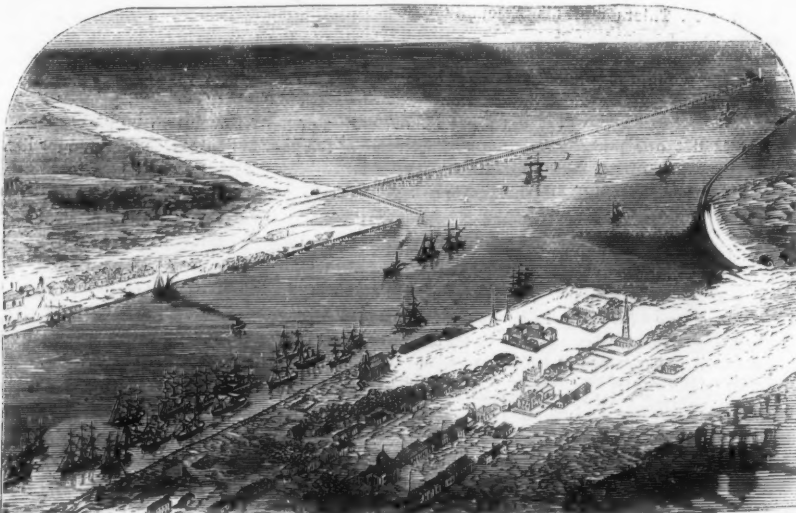
PARIS.—DOVECOTE FOR CARRIER PIGEONS, USED DURING THE SIEGE, AT NO. 18, RUE RAMBUTEAU.



SCOTLAND.—TRIAL OF LORD DUNMORE'S STEAM-PLOW, INVENTED BY R. W. THOMSON.



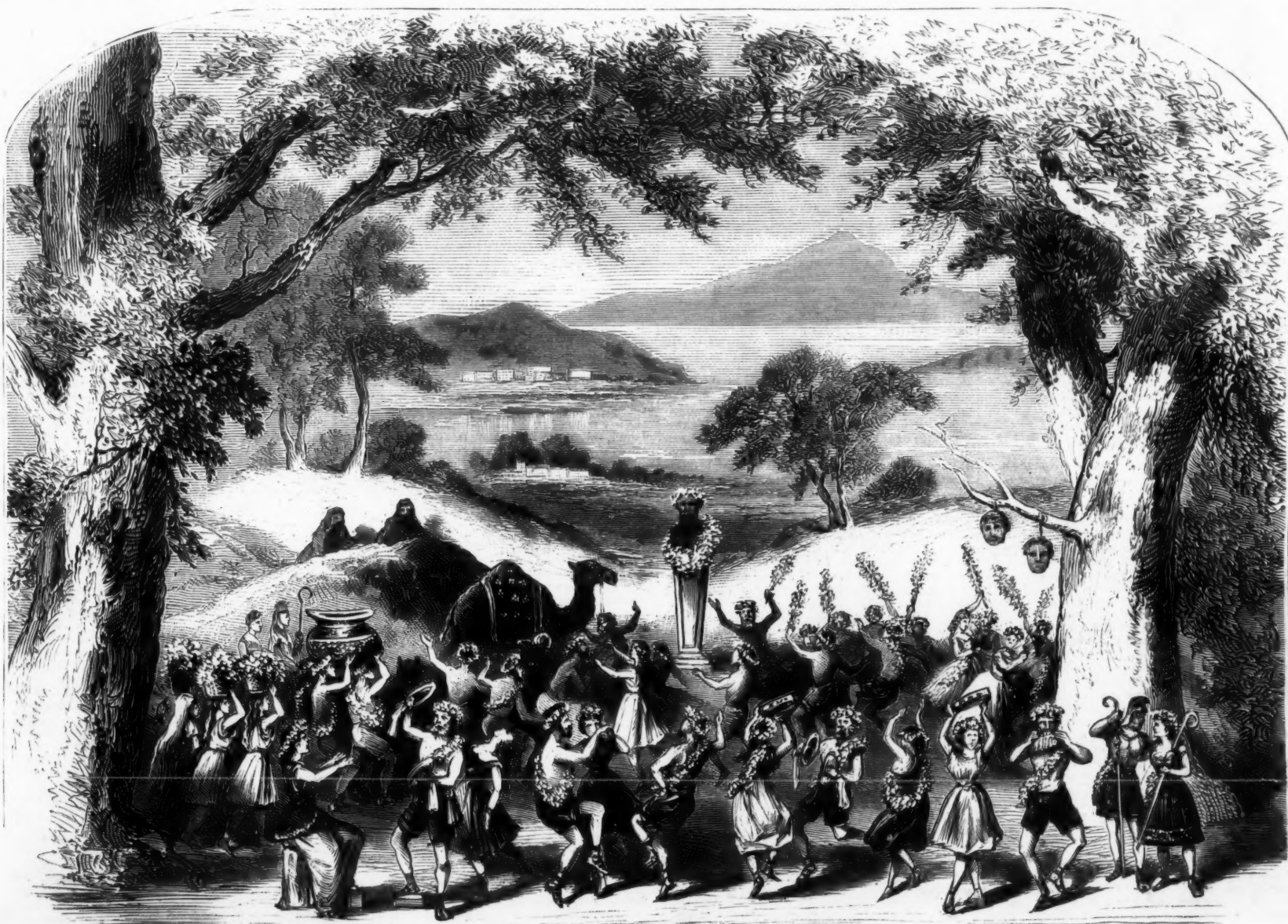
PARIS.—REFUGEES IN THE CRYPT OF THE PANTHEON.



THE RIVER DANUBE.—IMPROVEMENTS AT THE SULINA MOUTH.



THE Foe OF THE WARREN.—REYNARD INSPECTING HIS LARDER.—SEE PAGE 166.



NEW YORK CITY.—REVIVAL OF "THE WINTER'S TALE," AT BOOTH'S THEATRE.—DANCE OF SATYRS IN ACT IV.—SEE PAGE 163.

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS
FOLLOWING AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

CHAPTER IV.—(continued).

"Nothing, Rosa, pet, nothing!" replied the other, making a violent effort to master her convulsion of feeling. "But I must tell you, or I think that my heart will break." She put her arm again around Rosa's waist, though they remained standing, and so went on, with broken words that told so much of the violence of that emotion producing such an effect upon her usually well-governed nature.

"See, I have forced away your secret, darling, and at the same moment cannot protect my own! Don't you understand what is eating out my heart? It is not anxiety for my brother, though that is keen enough to make me sometimes almost forget my sex: it is something so much sadder and worse. Don't be frightened at me, or think that I have been mean or treacherous, for indeed—indeed, I have not; and I would not tell you the truth, now, if they trampled me to death with elephants for refusing—only that now it is too late for the confession to do any harm."

She paused for an instant, and Rosebud looked up in her face with an unshapen pity blending with her alarm and wonder. But she said nothing—only drew closer her arm in sympathy around the slight waist it spanned, as Helena went on—

"Don't you know yet what is coming, darling? How can I tell you?—and yet I wish to do so, and must! My heart is buried somewhere, though I do not know where; and yet it lives and aches. I loved Edwin Drood."



BLACK TOMBOY AND HIS ONE-HANDED MASTER.

"Oh, Helena—dear Helena!"

"Yes—you must not think that I have willingly done you wrong. Had he lived, and had there been no break between you, this would have gone with me to my grave. But I loved him, I think, from the first moment that I saw him: I could no more help doing so than I could avoid breathing."

"Poor Eddy! Yes, and he loved you: I have no doubt of it, now! He could not love me, as I could not love him, with an affection beyond that of brother and sister; we were too much like two children together. I suppose, with no experience in either to guide the other. But you—I have no doubt now that he loved you, and that that was why he gave me up so easily, when—I asked him to do so."

"Do you think so, darling? Oh, if I could only believe that—only know that, I think I should be happy, even knowing that I had lost my dear boy from this world for ever."

Her hands were clasped at the moment; and in her dusky eyes there shone that expression of hungry and unsatisfied affection, only less difficult to look upon than to ray out from a heart-experience. Then she commanded herself, by a powerful effort, as one who felt that she had been temporarily indulging a weakness unworthy or out of time; and she seemed scarcely the same person, but a few moments after, when, still standing at the window, and her face almost terribly earnest and determined, she herself changed the subject with nervous suddenness, and related what had occurred at Staple Inn on the previous night and that very morning.

Rosa listened, with an interest rapidly culminating in a still-lingering fright at the knowledge that John Jasper was continually coming so near her and with so deadly a purpose. Was it possible that she could be quite safe from him even now, with all the protection afforded by Mr. Grewgious and (her heart whispered this, as if a little ashamed and doubtful of the propriety of such an element in the calculation) Mr. Tartar?

But the face of Helena Landless had grown calmly stern and self-reliant, now; and there seemed, as Rosa gazed into it, protection in that, if in nothing else. And though her words of promise were few, bearing upon some hurried expression of the woman's fears for herself and for Neville, those words should have been quite sufficient for more than one who knew her blood, and the reason she might be likely to recognize for fighting, life for life, against the suspected murderer of the man she had loved, the persecutor of the friend she valued so dearly, and the unscrupulous pursuer of the brother who formed her other self!

"No, darling—do not fear that man, terrible as he is!" she said. "He has never seen an East-

Indian jungle, I think; I have, young as I am. And he may learn, by-and-by, that the hunter is not always safer than the game he thinks his own, when once he ventures into that wilderness which has no path and no end."

CHAPTER V.

JOHN JASPER'S UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

MR. SAPSEA leaves his Mansion House on the High Street, in company with the complaisant Mr. Datchery—on that errand which is to confer so much revengeful pleasure on Mr. Jasper—in one of those complaisant and wholly self-satisfied moods which may bear the same relation to the ordinary mental frames of humanity, that is borne by a day of unclouded spring sunshine, with Nature at her best in every detail of light, verdure, flowers, and bird-music, to the average day in which cold fogs, bleak winds, and dismal happenings combine to prevent any mistake as to the terrestrial character of our footstool.

Complaisant Mr. Sapsea is always, and under all circumstances. He wooed Miss Brobity complacently, complacently received that awe-struck up-looking which eventually produced so serious an effect on the liver, buried her complacently, and complacently so epitaphed her that it seems doubtful whether any pain in the marital loss is not quite compensated by the pleasure of the monumental opportunity. He has been complaisant in all his valuations and knockings-down: he is the most complaisant of mayors, because no man so little feels the cares and obligations of office as the thorough donkey who can understand nothing whatever of them; and if there is a special point of his pompous and shallow existence, in which the sense of complaisant self-satisfaction reaches its some, that

head uncovered, if the spectacle might not create too much remark in the street of Cloisterham—this important question cannot be easily settled: only the fact can be given. Dignity, combined with intellect, has its place; idle inconsequence walks half a step behind; what more could be desired?

They have measured, perhaps, a hundred yards from their point of departure, and are not far from the Lumps-of-delight shop, on the left as they walk, once momentarily holding so prominent a place in the history of Rosa and Edwin—when Mr. Datchery is thrown still more to the rear, by encountering a person coming out from the near tobacco-shop, a cigar between his lips, and the amount of smoke thrown out from that fragrant and most filthy combustible quite enough to prevent any immediate view of his features. Mr. Datchery would seem to recognize him in spite of the enshrouding veil; for the Mayor—not a little chafed at seeing any person walking with himself hindered by any other person or persons unknown—observes, as he half turns his head, that they accost each other, and that (this is a salve to the wounded dignity) Mr. Datchery does not seem over well pleased with the encounter.

He hears the man with the cigar say, ignorant of the impossibility, under the circumstances—

"Ha, Dick! have a weed?"

"Why, Philpits, is it possible that you are here? No, no cigar for me: I am going to an appointment with His Honour the Mayor."

Then he, making a temporary pause, and in point of fact waiving the rights of position, waiting for Mr. Datchery in recognition of the propriety of the latter's demeanour, loses the next words that pass between the two, and only knows that they are coming towards him.

"Ah, Mr. Philpits."

"Old chum, as I have just had the honour of informing the Worshipful the Mayor," Mr. Datchery goes on to explain, the two hats being by this time recovered, in a military sense. "We have not met in a long time, as His Honour should also be made aware."

Mr. Sapsea, glancing again at the sartorial adornments of Mr. Philpits, has no difficulty in understanding why this apology is made, as illustrating the self-evident fact, that had Mr. Datchery been in the habit of meeting Mr. Philpits frequently, he [Mr. Datchery] would have instructed him [Mr. Philpits] to array himself in more becoming costume before presenting himself in his [Mr. Sapsea's] irreproachably-costumed presence.

"My chum, his Honour the Mayor should also be advised," Mr. Datchery goes on, "has been for a long time so far away as the Danube, doing a little of engineering, something in which an idle and unemployed buffer like myself almost envies him, though the employment really has not improved his personal appearance. Eh, Philpits, my boy?"

"Precisely," answers the stranger, with no more waste of words than he has before displayed.

"Humph! my Time, Mr. Datchery!" somewhat severely comments Mayor Sapsea, at this juncture. "Procrastination, sir, is the thief of time—that is how I am in the habit of stating the fact; and we are loitering, if I am not very much mistaken."

"A thousand pardons!" replies Mr. Datchery, much affected by the mild reproof as well as by the felicitous original illustration. "His Honour the Mayor will be kind enough not to suppose the hindrance intentional, and therefore disrespectful—only an accident, which Mr. Philpits, at any risk to his own self-love, must permit me to call a misfortune. I accompany the Worshipful the Mayor at once, and with real regret for the delay."

Then moving on a step or two—

"By the way, Philpits, old fellow, what will you do with yourself during the little time necessary to fulfil my appointment with His Honour? You have never been in Cloisterham before, I think?"

"Never." Thus sententially again the new comer, who is moving on with the others, permittedly, but rather aimlessly, and altogether uselessly in the matter of convoy, as a mean little tug may sometimes be seen keeping company with a magnificent departing steamer for a certain distance down harbour.

"Never, no, of course not; only a forgetful buffer like myself would make the blunder of asking. Then, of course, you know nothing of the town—a most respectable old place, and quite an odd one, as you will see when you take a glance at it. You can know nothing whatever without me, and may be lost."

"Likely," says the sententious Philpits.

"Humph!" comments the Mayor, without further explanation, but possibly meaning to imply, in his concise way, that the world—that is how he would put it—the world would have little difficulty in surviving the loss of so insignificant and ill-dressed a person as the man Philpits.

"Now that I think of it, perhaps you had better keep with us, if His Honour the Mayor will allow me the liberty of extending the invitation. Only a few minutes at the rooms of a friend here, and then I shall be at your service. May I hope that the Worshipful the Mayor approves the suggestion, thus giving my friend the additional privilege of being introduced, if opportunity should allow, to a man who has been characterized by His Honour, with his usual felicitous use of words, as energetic, and therefore a Man of Mark?"

It is doubtful whether Mayor Sapsea would consent to the company of this unknown, ill-dressed, and supposedly disreputable person, for any longer time than necessary to traverse the little remaining distance to the Gate House, but for the employment of this last skilfully devised bit of extra fumigation. But, with that new inhalation of pleasant incense, he yields once more to the insidious machinations of the unscrupulous Datchery, waves that fat official hand with a dignity as impossible to convey in words as it would have been to transmit to a second generation through the medium of Mrs. Brobity-Sapsea, and says:—

"The request is a somewhat unusual one, Mr. Datchery; still, as I do not suppose that my friend, Mr. Jasper, could have any unwillingness to form the acquaintance of this—this person whom you know, there will be no objection to his accompanying."

"Thanks for the courtesy of His Honour the Mayor—which is, however, nothing more than his habit led me to expect," says Mr. Datchery, again bowing his acknowledgments, with a side glance at Philpits, which adds: "Why do you not humiliate yourself to the dust, miserable mortal, in view of such condescension?"

"Thanks—many!" to this and the other, responds the obliged Philpits, of whom, from his extreme reticence of words, the impression might be not unnaturally formed that he has been for a long time in such a branch of employment, connected with his engineering, as to induce serious daily expenditure of voice, thus coming home with very little remaining in his chest, and being obliged to economize, as another man might do with a small remaining amount of money, after long reckless expenditure of capital.

So it is that they go on to the Gate House, meeting no adventure of additional consequence by the way; though Mr. Datchery once catches a glimpse of Durdles emerging from a low doorway, and there passes between them a quick motion of understanding that might be suspicious, if some other eye could observe and comment upon it—as that other eye does not. And so it is that they go up the postern stair at the Gate House, Mr. Sapsea, again becomingly in advance, as chief of the Embassy; Mr. Datchery next, a subordinate, but possessing a certain importance; and Mr. Philpits bringing up the rear—slouching a little in his gait, and with his bilbock accidentally falling so low over his eyes as to make observation of those features impossible—no doubt in the due abasement of a position rather permitted than acknowledged.

They pause at the door of Mr. Jasper's room, at the head of the stairway, however, simultaneously with a motion of Mr. Sapsea's authoritative hand, which says, quite as plainly as words could convey the same injunction:

"Pause. Listen. Place and voice. An ex-

point is to be found at the moment when he is duly soothed by such senseless subservience (to call it by no worse name) as that of Mr. Datchery, and when he is permitted, so to speak, to diffuse himself over the whole sphere of his honours and duties, in a gush of pompous patronage.

Mr. Sapsea is not only gushing with patronage in this particular instance, but he is literally overflowing the civic community with that benefit. He is about, unasked, to confer the most important of benefits upon Mr. John Jasper—his friend, Mr. John Jasper—entitling him to the life-long gratitude (to be duly shown in added subservience) of that person; he is conferring an obligation upon Mr. Datchery, with the natural result of keeping that person at his present humble and appreciative status, and possibly bringing him a shade lower in comparison with himself; he is exercising the highest functions of the chief magistrate of Cloisterham, in outdoing all predecessors in the extent and graciousness of his condescension; and he is adding another to the multitudinous influences which shall ensure him a proud niche in the local temple of fame, by arranging for the effective employment of that link in the chain of evidence against the suspected murderer, which—that is how he puts it, and will some day put it on the bench—which he has discovered by patient research and constant exercise of Mind.

To say that Mr. Sapsea, thus at peace with himself and the world, assumes the outward demeanour proper to such inner beatification, would be to do that eminent person gross injustice. He "assumes" nothing; from the inner consciousness, always candid, radiates that which makes him the most noteworthy of men. Were not matter lamentably dull and stupid, with no capacity to adapt itself to changes of circumstance, then possibly we might see an additional fraction of roll in the brim of the hat, and there might be a nearer approach to perfection in the proud sweep with which the trowser, tapering away from the graceful protrusion of the abdomen, finishes the Hogarthian line of beauty at the shoe. As things go, so much cannot be expected, and there will always be some slight outer imperfection in the belongings of the great, unwarranted by the completeness inwardly attained.

The Mayor is half a yard in advance, as they emerge from the door of his house, and take their way towards their near destination. Whether he, of himself, assumes that slight precedence, just enough to indicate position, and yet too little to be offensive to the humble companion; or whether that humble companion, Datchery to wit, falls back the trifle necessary to throw the other into that prominence, as the only available expression of that unbounded respect which would keep the

This man, addressed as Philpits, is slight, and not too well dressed—his hat, particularly, being of that class designated, not euphoniously, the bilbock—and his clothes, with an air about them that may be salty, and may be that of constant use, carrying another air less ambiguous—that of having been made for a larger man, or stretched in wearing if the owner has not shrunken. His complexion is dark, almost very dark, though this detail is somewhat confused by the slouching brim of the bilbock; and his age must be set down as uncertain, there being somewhat too much of dark beard, well matching the dark-brown hair, for that number of years conveyed by the complexion. He shows, as he moves, a bit of roll that (again) may be of the sea, salty, and that may be merely a slight species of swagger.

Other men than Mayor Sapsea, looking at this person, might set him down as an anomaly; and a man from Scotland Yard, suddenly meeting him, might be tempted to look after him at greater length than the turning of the next corner. The Mayor merely sees one of whom he makes the mental note:—

"Disreputable—that is how I put it—disreputable, and no advantage to that well-behaved person, Mr. Datchery, to be known by him."

But by the time this observation is made, the two have measured the few feet intervening, and they approach the Mayor, who is not flattered by what seems to be a pending introduction.

That introduction follows, but in so unobjectionable a shape that the great man is partially disarmed.

"Will the Worshipful the Mayor," says Mr. Datchery, adding to the intermediary bow accompanying by taking off his hat, and the other catching the spirit of the presence and doing the same—"will the Worshipful the Mayor pardon this momentary hindrance, which I beg him to believe was quite unexpected, and allow me to introduce an old college-mate, Mr. Robert Philpits? Mr. Philpits, Mr. Mayor Sapsea, of Cloisterham."

"Honoured," says Mr. Philpits, notably saying nothing more, as possibly from confusion, but bowing with an *empressment* which throws his face almost entirely out of view of the Mayor, and which shows, by the profundity of the action, that he fully recognizes the privilege conferred upon him.

"As Mr. Datchery's friend," remarks the Mayor, with an air of adding that only as Mr. Datchery's friend this person can be tolerated at all by the official, and with a patronizing wave of the hand which puts any thought of shaking that member out of the question—"as Mr. Datchery's friend, I am glad to know Mr.—"

"Mr. Philpits" suggests the introducer.

quaintly beautiful combination and harmony of sounds—that is how I put it—exquisitely beautiful combination and harmony. I know, without seeing him, thanks to the exercise of Mind, that Mr. Jasper is playing and singing. More than that—that he is playing and singing a fine old religious song. Italian or German—that is what I say—Italian or German: Bologna, Naples, Weimar, Prague. Pause and listen."

They pause and listen, perhaps not altogether from the motion of Mr. Sapsea: possibly because other ears than his (however shorter, and so at disadvantage) can catch the subtle harmonic blendings of the grand old Gregorian chant with which the choir-master is filling a leisure hour, and educating his aspirations after the Infinite and the All-Glorious. They hear and appreciate the delicate manipulation of the keys of the instrument, by a hand evidently the worthy master of the rich brown ivory keys it touches at once caressingly and compellingly—evoking, in succession, light and fairy tinkles of sound, that might be the musical pattering of rain in a fountain, in the midst of a delicious summer-shower; bursts of rich harmony, that fill the very sense of satisfaction with their fullness and perfection; and deep-rolling thunders that seem to have the faculty of becoming waves of hoarse melody and sweeping away the soul to some imagined empyrean where they have at once origin and end. This with the instrument; and combined with this rich manly voice, forming the cross between tenor and baritone, and perfect in every musical phrase and modulation, while bounding with a sense of exultant power which seems to make it something more than a voice and elevate it to the height of a faculty.

They stand, as they may well do, spell-bound. When the good man sings hymns of praise, he is exercising a very high privilege; when he sings and plays them divinely, he is doing something which distantly (though not always pleasantly) suggests the employment of celestial beings through all ages. And even lowlier men than Mr. Sapsea may hold a weakness for considering themselves likely, at some unguessed period in those ages, to become celestial beings, more or less fully developed in the details of robe and pinion.

They do not interrupt the effective player and singer, for many minutes, during which the only perceptible motion among the three is one of a certain patronising impatience on the part of the Mayor—the employer and owner of that invaluable Time of which he makes no infrequent mention as filled to repletion with important deeds and events. Then there is a pause, which does not come, as such pauses may be usually expected to come, at the close of a movement and with sounding and measured chords, but arrives with couriers in the shape of trembling in the voice, uncertain touches upon the keys, and all the symptoms of suddenly-diminished physical capacity. Then the last broken and unsteady note is struck, the voice already fallen silent; and the three as they stand unnoticed at the open door, see the musician rather stagger than rise from his seat, and confront them as he turns to leave the recess.

They mark—some of them, perhaps all—that the face is contorted as that of one might be under an agony not yet undurable; and they see that the eyes have something glassy and unnatural about them, as might be those of a child suddenly awakened from sleep, at an unusually early hour—or as might be those of a man of full age, who had really been wandering away in mind, into those far-off regions suggested by the dead music, and who found some difficulty in making instant return to the lower world.

But this expression changes—compelled back, as it might be, by the exercise of a strong will, as he recognizes the presence of visitors. And there is a certain amount of graceful dignity in his reception of them, when the eyes kindle to natural life and at last take them in. He has a word of respectful welcome to the Mayor, as to one who honours his room by coming into it; one of corresponding character to Mr. Datchery, though less respectful, as to one who is only an equal; and a distant recognition—quite warm enough under all the circumstances, for the entirely supernumerary and slightly *de trop* Mr. Philpits, whose presence is at once explained and apologized for in the brief word of introduction, and who proves that he has no intention whatever of being in the way, by subsiding into the corner of the room, merely saying, "Delighted Mr. Clasper, mum—mum—mum—" in such a tone of mumble that his previous paucity of voice seems to have culminated in one last expiring breath, and who retires into the most absolute and ineffective nothingness by engaging in close distant study of the backs of a row of opposite music-books, which he cannot understand, and a ridiculous dab of a picture of a young girl, side-long to his view, over the mantel, of which he can know even less than of the sealed books.

Mr. Sapsea, Plenipotentiary in the very mixed Embassy of which Datchery may be rated as Secretary, and Philpits as the most useless of *attachés*—Mr. Sapsea has no idea of wasting any more of that valuable Time to which time-wasting reference has already been so often made by himself and others, and interrupts Mr. Datchery's attempted compliment to Mr. Jasper upon his looking well (for which there is the worst possible ground), by entering at once upon the Important Business.

"Mr. Jasper," he says, with his best wave of the fat magisterial hand, and with his shoulders thrown back to the full capacity allowed by the straight, high-backed, uncomfortable chair of the time of the royal heroine of Tilbury Fort—"Mr. Jasper, my call of this morning—I may say our call of this morning, as Mr. Datchery is more or less concerned in it—may be considered one of business; but if I am not mistaken, sir, it will be found, as I say—that is how I put it, and the expression may or may not be capable of improvement—it will be found to combine business and pleasure."

"Ah," remarks Mr. Jasper, who learns nothing whatever from the rigmarole, and who may be accordingly excused for replying thus briefly and non-committally. But Mr. Datchery, who has not enjoyed any opportunity for venting his boundless subservieny for at least five minutes, interjects, to the relief of Mr. Jasper and the delight of the Mayor,—

"Ah, yes, His Honour the Mayor certainly uses a most felicitous expression: 'combining business with pleasure'—what could be better? A thousand pardons for the interruption."

Mr. Philpits is craning forward his neck, in the stupid effort to read the unreadable title on

the back of a music-book, by reducing the distance to say six inches less than it would be if he sat upright in his chair.

"Mr. Datchery," continues the Mayor, "was not a resident of My Mayoralty at the time of certain occurrences, of which we are only too well aware—that is how I put it, Mr. Jasper—only too well aware. I allude, of course, to the circumstances connected with the lamented disappearance, and almost certain murder, of your nephew."

For the instant, a spasm passes across the face of the choir-master, even more declared than that which was suppressed and strangled as he rose from the piano.

For that instant, too, his hands grip the sides of his chair with a tenacity threatening to the integrity of that article of furniture. But these demonstrations are wondrously brief, and they must be unnoticed, for who has motive to observe them?

Mr. Sapsea is absorbed in the importance of his Embassy, and the contemplation of the influence of Mind on Mediocrity; Mr. Datchery is gratifying his pet subservieny by staring at the Mayor, under his white hair and dark eyebrows, with a fond intensity suggestive of early w. ship, in the event of the laws of Britain being so remodelled as to allow that exercise; and Mr. Philpits, having made the discovery, through the six inches gained by craning, that the mysterious appearance of the words on the back of the music-book is caused by the book having been accidentally placed upside down in the stand, is endeavouring to ascertain, at some peril to the already elongated neck, how it would read in the event of his being able (and permitted) to stand on his head.

"The Worshipful the Mayor is quite correct, as usual," says Mr. Datchery, immediately following Mr. Sapsea's introduction. "My only acquaintance with what I may be permitted to call the unfortunate and melancholy case, was derived from information kindly furnished by His Honour, in this very room, on my first coming to Cloisterham, as Mr. Jasper may remember."

"I do remember, Mr. Datchery," answers Mr. Jasper, speaking for the first time on the theme; "though pardon me if I fail to see the importance of your knowledge. And as for the remark just made by you, Mayor Sapsea—allow me to inquire why you use the expression 'almost certainly murdered'? To me he is certainly murdered: what reason have you, allow me to ask, for qualifying the suspicion? Has anything been discovered, and am I to connect your visit at this time with the fact, throwing doubt upon the crime?"

"Nothing whatever, Mr. Jasper; on the contrary—"

"Ah!" This expression comes a second time from Mr. Jasper, but much more pronouncedly and much more meaningfully than before. It betokens satisfaction now: presumptively the satisfaction of a man who discovers that his pet theory is not to be assailed; and that satisfaction is so great that he does what Mr. Datchery could not be induced to do under any provocation—interrupts His Honour the Mayor.

"No, Mr. Jasper," the official resumes; "on the contrary, there have been certain discoveries made giving renewed force and colour—that is how I put it—renewed force and colour to your opinion, and leading to the hope that, as I say, the murderer may be unearthed, and brought to justice."

Mayor Sapsea has come to the Gate House with the errand (if an Embassy can perform so low a thing as an errand) of giving his friend Mr. Jasper a great pleasure. At this moment it seems that his purpose will be fully accomplished; for it is pleasure that glows darkly on the choir-master's face at the announcement of "certain discoveries." Has that transitory flush of pleasure anything to do with the action of a late night at Staple Inn?—with the action witnessed by Tartar through a high window?—with a "treasure-trove" picked up by that forlorn person on the floor of Neville Landless's room? Was there something to be discovered and EXPECTED to be discovered?

The pleasant flush dies out, and who shall know of its momentary existence? For (the others as before) Mr. Philpits has unobtrusively gone over to the music-stand, taken out the misused book, opened it, and is attentively scanning the bars of one of Mendelssohn's most intricate compositions, with that air of stupid delight and half-intelligence which a Feejee Islander might be expected to display in examining the involved figures of a work on geometry.

"Mayor Sapsea," says Mr. Jasper at this juncture, "I am glad to hear you say that you have not changed your opinion; for be sure that I have not changed mine. On the contrary, so additionally impressed have I been, within the last twenty-four hours, not only with the fact of my dear boy's murder, but the certainty of the near detection of his murderer, that I have resumed a habit for awhile laid down, at the suggestion of Mr. Crisparkle, as mentally unhealthy, and written out my impressions—briefly this time, and not in the leaves of the diary that I now regret. Permit me, before you proceed, to read you those few words which have as yet gone no further than my pocket."

Permitted by the wave of the magisterial hand, and the evident interest of Mr. Datchery, he draws from his vest pocket a folded paper, opens it, and reads:—

"I am now so firmly impressed with the fact that the time for the final arrest and punishment of my dear boy's murderer has nearly or quite come, that I cannot resist going back to 'an old habit, which I am sorry that I relinquished, and setting down my impressions for my own satisfaction, if not for future reference."

"How this detection is to come—whether from the finding of some recognizable portion of the body, once and always so dear to me, in the waters of that river, where he was so certainly and ruthlessly thrown by the man whom he trusted—or whether the murderer himself, becoming careless in his security, is to work out his destruction by imprudent words, or the bringing to public knowledge of some article hitherto concealed—this I cannot pretend to fathom in advance. But of the fact I am sure. The quest to which I devoted my life seven months ago is not to continue for any long period now. The end is near. I feel this, and know it, with a certainty defying reason—as it defies contradiction. My dear boy is to be avenged, and then my life-work will be done."

Mr. Datchery listens to the reading with that interest which a single buffer of uncertain habits

may be expected to exhibit in the presence of any event or communication unexpectedly sensational; Mayor Sapsea listens with that complacency natural to one who hears his own opinions echoed, and his own labours—that is how he puts it—his own labours in some great cause humbly assisted; and there is every reason to suppose that the nonentity, Philpits, does not hear it at all, that objectionable person having returned to his chair, with the music-book, and being at the moment engaged in beating time with his hand, and bobbing his head over it, as if it conveyed a certain dumb suggestion of some audible music once heard by his untutored ears, possibly half barbarian and ear-splitting, during his engineering on the Danube.

"And now that you have, in this paper, Mr. Jasper, quite echoed the opinions—echoed is what I say—the opinions already formed by myself, from the researches which the invisible hand of justice—that is how I put it, the invisible hand of justice, as well as the long and the strong hand—has been steadily making from the night when the crime was committed," says Mayor Sapsea, elevating his head still more, and throwing back his shoulders additionally, in extracting from his pocket an object thus far deposited there—"now, Mr. Jasper, you will be gratified, I know, by my exhibiting to you an article, discovered by—by one of the persons engaged with myself in the investigation of the details of this crime, only yesterday, and so near to—My Mayoralty, that the late presence of the murderer cannot be doubted."

His hand has by this time extricated the wallet from his pocket, but the hand is by no means small, and the object is quite concealed in it, until the other hand has thrown back the flap, and the first hand holds wallet and name full before the eyes of John Jasper at the same instant.

Then follows what Mayor Sapsea, who has come to confer a delight upon his friend Jasper, could scarcely have expected at the moment of leaving his Mansion House; what Mr. Datchery, though a buffer of very easy antecedents, must be equally pained and surprised to see, the benevolence of his intentions in coming to Mr. Jasper being likewise kept in view; what Mr. Philpits cannot be supposed to see, much less to understand, he being at the moment engaged in intently surveying the picture of Puss, from a sidelong point of view, through a tube formed of a loose roll of music, under some apparent impression that the obliquities of character may be thus looked into, as they cannot under the deception of the full face.

What is it that the two see, the third thus ignored?

They see John Jasper stiffen from his chair, into an erect position—not rise, or spring, but stiffen, as if the truth of the old fable of the Gorgon's head had outlived the belief in it, and the commencement of a transformation to stone may yet be seen by the curious, at intervals and under favourable circumstances. They see one hand go up to his head, as if the hidden pain came there at first; they see the eyes sink away into the sockets, with such suddenness that they seem extinguished, until a look of fixed horror, rayed out from them, belies the fear; they see the face contort again into shapes of agony before undreamed of, and thick drops start on the forehead, dampening the hair that falls over it; they see the hand, momentarily uplifted to the head, fall away from that to the throat, and seem to clutch at the neck-cloth; they hear a gurgling attempt at utterance, with no words reaching the outer air; and then they see the stone change to boneless and nerveless flesh with the same suddenness as that of its first transformation, and the figure collapses back into its chair, its whole upper length not more than two feet from the seat, and the suspicion, a strong one, that a dead man has flopped down there, with the stony eyes wide open.

To say that Mayor Sapsea is surprised at the reception of his benefaction by his friend, Mr. Jasper, would be sheer waste of words. He rises, but stands in such an attitude of helpless horror and bewilderment, that some of the stories traditionally told about the great always exhibiting extraordinary presence of mind, may well come under fresh examination in the light of this circumstance.

Mr. Datchery mutters something about "great joy affecting persons nearly as much as great sorrow, and that the Worshipful the Mayor, no doubt, sees Mr. Jasper thus affected, under the influence of this memorial of his dear boy, and this new hope of avenging him;" but how much of this the Mayor hears or understands must remain problematical. For the very moment after the catastrophe, the disreputable-looking Philpits, who should never have been in the place at all, discovers the fact, drops his music-roll telescope, and literally rushes from the room and down the stairs, without farewell, and in such undignified haste, that he may well be suspected of rank cowardice in the presence of death and suffering; and the next moment Mr. Datchery, unable to recall him by the shout of "Philpits! Bob! come back, I say!" springs out of the door and down the stairs after him, leaving only the Mayor and his friend together.

Mr. Jasper may be breathing again now—probably he is so, for the eyes, that were fixed, seem to roll. And when Mr. Sapsea, at last remembering the inner door, and hoping for some help for his helplessness behind it, rushes to that door, forgets his official dignity, and hammers and shouts, then the matronly figure of Mrs. Tope replies by coming into the room, and the matronly voice says,—

"Whatever is the matter? Mr. Jasper took bad again? Dear heart! what will be the end of it all, if he do go on?"

But Mr. Jasper is better now—so much better that he has a wan smile and a word for his friends, and they know that the worst is over—for the time. Yes—the impression of the two is correct, and he will live. Great unexpected pleasure does not kill, always.

Mr. Datchery overtakes the renegade, Mr. Philpits, not far beyond the foot of the stairs—still under the shadow of the Gate House archway. He finds this man, who pretends to have been an engineer, and who thus may be presumed to have seen adventure, and known hardship—finds him leaning against the archway, shivering a little, and in such a mood of disturbance that he, too, might have enjoyed an unexpected pleasure. He lays his hand on the shoulder of the recumbent, and says,—

"Well, old fellow, why did you run away?" "Dick, I could not bear it!" answers the other, almost piteously. "Remember what has been,

Dick, then recollect what is, and think whether I could stay. No—you may call me a coward, if you like, but no!"

"I am glad that you came, at all events," replies the man of the white hair. "I think that what you have seen may do you good by-and-by, if not at this moment."

"But, Dick, shall I have strength to go on?" "You must have strength, old fellow."

"Yes, I suppose that I must. And so I will. Do not fear me, Dick; I shall be all right in an hour, and I must be getting away at once."

"Yes, that will be best, on all accounts. Good-bye until—let me think—yes, Thursday."

"Good-bye till Thursday."

The disreputable-looking Philpits lounges and rolls away, through the arch, down the High Street, towards the river, and some possible residence beyond it; while Mr. Datchery, looking after him for a moment, and indulging certain comments, which he does not put into words, thereafter returns to his room, and makes such a mark in his score, that, finding deficiency of space for it on the door alone, he continues it at either end for appreciable distances on the floor and ceiling.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. CHIPPERCOYNE'S BRACE OF VISITORS.

RAT-TAT-TAT!—by the heavy lion's-head knocker of a correspondingly heavy door, of a quite equally heavy-looking house in Gerrard-street, Soho—that ambiguous quarter, forming a sort of doubtful centre of the triangle of which Oxford-street, Regent-street, and Great George-street, Westminster, each with its different and well-ascertained characteristics, form the sides. The house very old, and yet severely respectable, spite of certain surroundings, worse than doubtful. Some suspicion that the last shower might have done its duty better, in washing away the blacks and grime from the dingy brick front, and its yellow window and door-panels; but none whatever of the efficiency of the domestic who had last performed hers of polishing the creamy stone of the door-steps: none of the cleanness of that knocker, or the brightness of the four-by-six brass plate on the door, on which was displayed a certain legend blending a name and a very learned profession.

The door of a surgery, in point of fact. The surgery that of Dr. Freeth Chippercoyne, M.R.C.S., if any dependence could be placed upon the brass plate before-mentioned—its well-kept appearance being at once its guarantee of respectability and candour.

Two persons alighting from a four-wheeler, and that four-wheeler remaining in waiting while the vigorous application to the knocker was made, as well as during other and subsequent operations about to be chronicled. One of those two persons, Mr. Grewgious, looking less Angular than usual, owing to a certain droop of the shoulders and unerect carriage of the head, as also to a corresponding softening and want of assertion of the muscles of the face, suggesting that the worthy legal gentleman was being forced bodily into some movement of the propriety of which he was more than doubtful, and of the end of which his impressions were decidedly unfavourable; the second person, Helena Landless, seeming the antipodes of her companion, not only in those details of age and sex in which she could not be expected to assimilate him very closely—but in another and not less important detail, the spirit and will manifested in step and carriage. Never had the bright dark face seemed more alive and alert, winning and commanding; never had the trim lithe figure seemed more erect, springy, and suggestive of the animal and meteorological surroundings of the land that gave her birth. If Mr. Grewgious was, so to speak, for the moment under a cloud, it was beyond a doubt that the young East Indian girl was moving in the clear, bright, tropical sunshine of a firm purpose—and that she was as much happier and more at ease, in pursuing that purpose, than she could have been in any imaginable repose—as the stream always is brighter, noisier, and more enjoyable, as well as more enjoyable, when rippling and laughing its active way towards the main, than when it lies dormant, under however pleasant a sky, and seems to have lost force as well as direction.

Possibly the domestic had over-fatigued herself in the polishing of that unimpeachable door-plate, and was not, on that account, so active as usual; for quite a moment elapsed between that decided knock, which must have been heard from attic to cellar, and the opening of the door thus vigorously assailed. And that brief space seemed to give opportunity for a few "last words" on the part of each, which may have been as important, in the connection, as those which dear lovers come back once and again to say as they part—or as those which the condemned utter as he takes his last look at the living and active nature of which he is no longer to form an atom.

"Are you quite sure, my dear young lady, that what you are doing is for the best?—that something may not result from it, leading to lasting regret on the part of both?" Mr. Grewgious asked, very anxiously, in that pause. "If you have any doubt, it is not yet too late."

"It is for me to ask whether you have any doubt of the propriety of assisting me," the young girl replied. "If so, it is for me to say to you that it is not yet too late to draw back, and that I must look for assistance in some other direction."

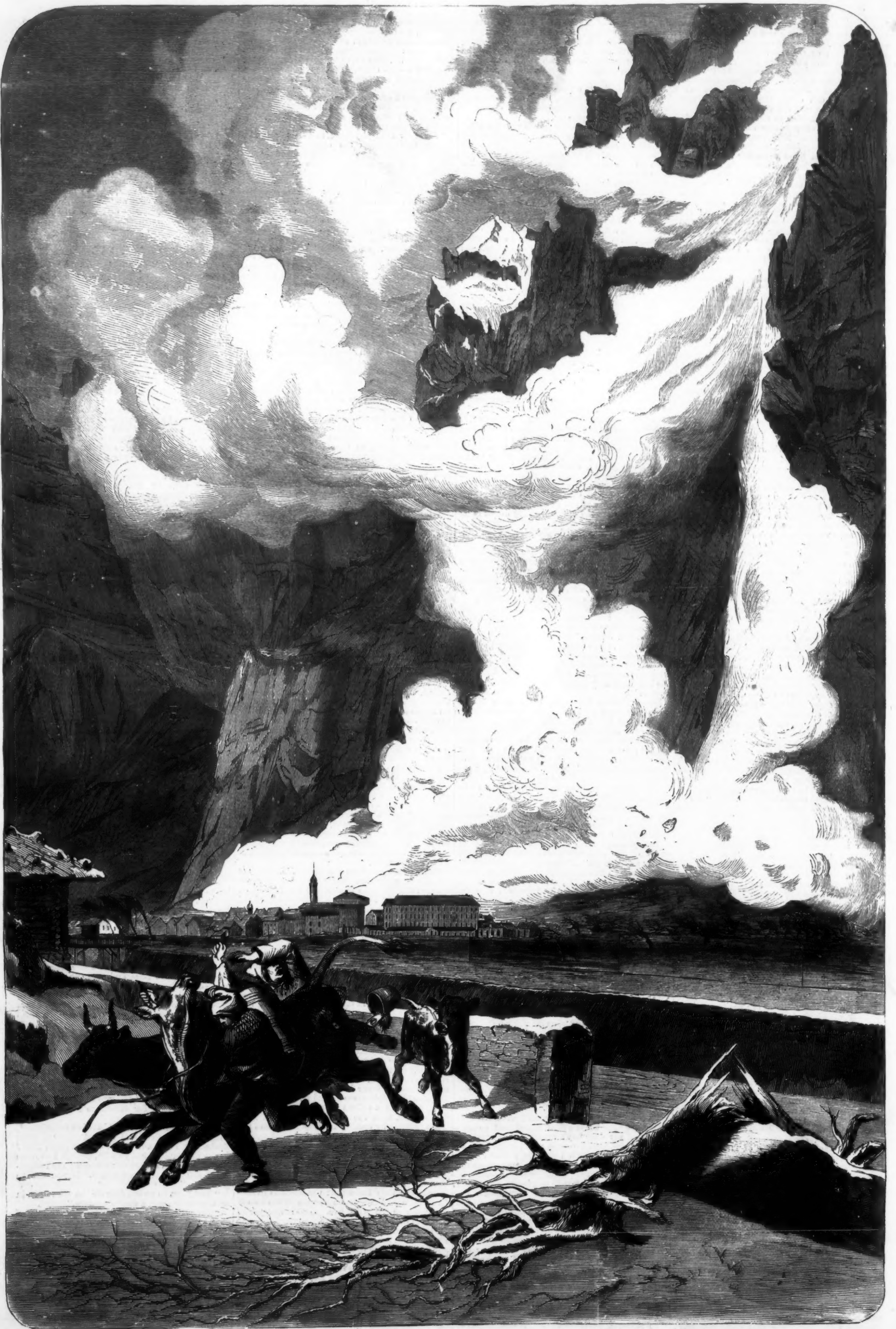
"No—no, Miss Landless!" the lawyer rejoined, with the face that had been Angular a little flushed. "You know that I did not mean that! It was of yourself that I spoke, though I suppose that I managed in some way to drag my insignificant self into the calculation. If you are to go on—"

"And I am to go on, dear sir, be sure of it, in whatever direction I find assistance."

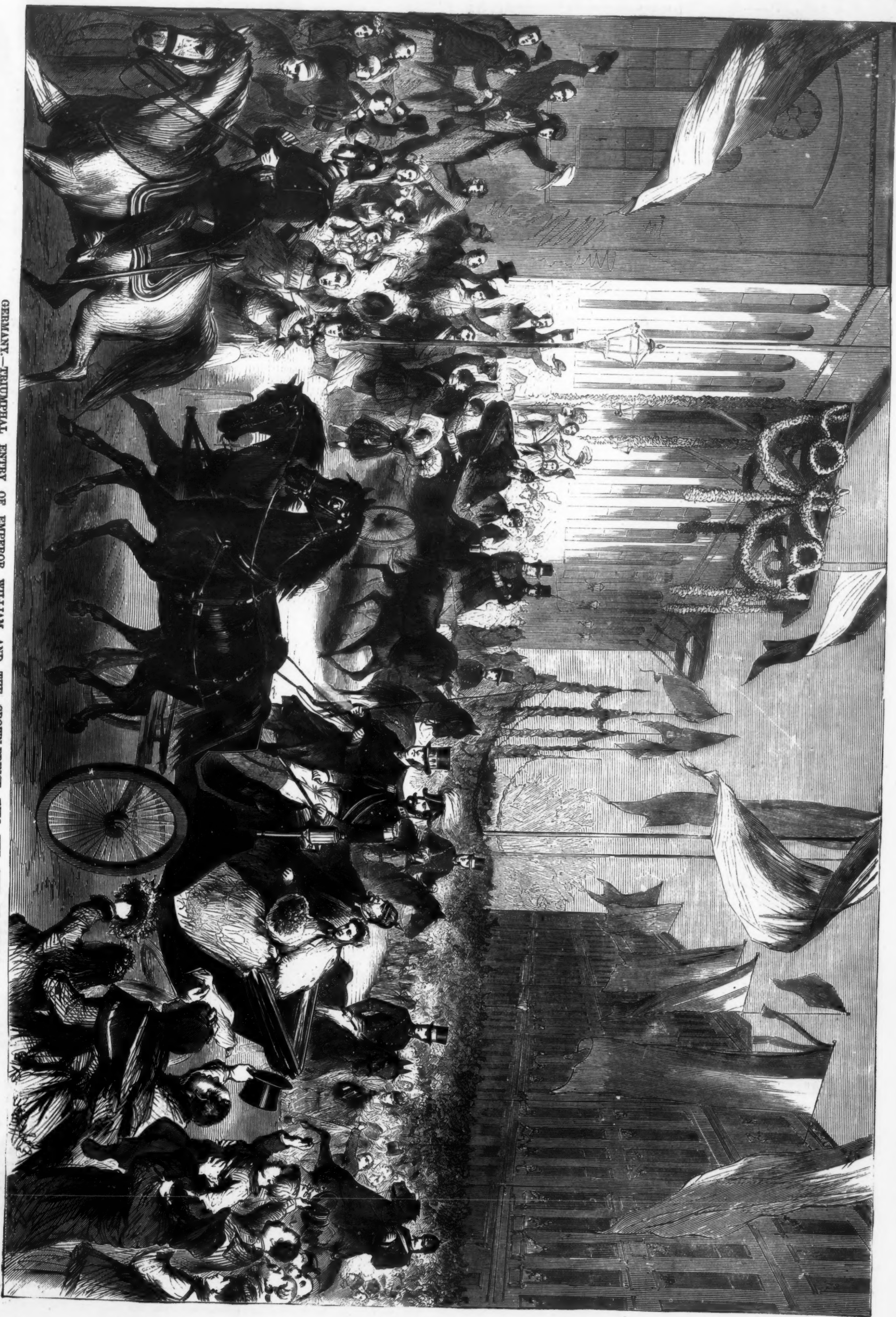
"Then I go on, you may be equally sure of that. You are a little young, either for drying up in prison, or having that pretty neck (I hope that you do not mind my calling it pretty, under the circumstances?)—stretched by a rope in the hands of Jack Ketch; that was all that I thought of, my dear young lady."

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY has but little to do with engaging the love of woman. The air, the manner, the tone, the conversation, the something that interests, and the something to be proud of—these are the attributes of the man bound to be loved.



AN AVALANCHE AT THE HEAD OF VAL ANZASCA, NEAR MONTE ROZA.—SEE PAGE 163.



GERMANY.—TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF EMPEROR WILLIAM AND THE CROWN-PRINCE INTO THE CITY OF BERLIN.—SEE PAGE 163.

A LIFE STORY.

THEY walked in the light of the setting sun,
By river and field and glen;
And he was a stripling of twenty-one,
And she was a child of ten.
He thought that the glow of the skies grew
Brighter
When kissing dimple and brow and curl;
She knew that his look made her whole heart
Lighter—
The childish heart of that little girl.
And so, with laughter, o'er bloom and heather,
While daylight lingered along the land,
Merrily rambled the two together,
In youth's sweet spring-time of golden weather,
Lovingly, hand in hand.

Long years glide on; but one is roaming
Those dear old paths o'er the daisied lea—
But one, that watches each sunset gloaming,
That dawns and darkens across the sea.
Soft eyes look out, with a timid wooing,
The way he went from his boyhood's home;
And shy lips whisper, "What is he doing?
And does he remember, and will he come?"
Ah! love will wonder and wait and weary,
Till eye give answer, and hand clasp hand,
And earth and ocean grow dark and dreary,
And even the light of the skies less cheery,
Though Hope bridges land and land.

But still years go; still the sunset brightens,
And tints the waves on the white-ribbed
shore;
And heather purples and daisy whitens
The grass-grown path o'er the greensward
floor.
No watcher now by the path untraveled;
No anxious eyes o'er the ocean foam;
The weary length of long years unraveled
Has found them one, in a distant home.
And so, fast bound in love's jeweled tether,
With hearts o'erlooking their promised land,
They tread the pathway of life together,
As in their spring-time of golden weather,
Toward winter, still hand in hand.

TOM BRIERSON'S FATHER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Of all the irrepressible and wild collegians who have ever turned night into day and rictus over land and water, Tom Brierson should have the palm; Tom Brierson, who, added to an infinite daring, had an infinite readiness, and knew so well the price of all his pranks and was so well prepared to meet it, that the contents of the vials of wrath for ever being emptied on his head ran off him like rain off a bird's feathers, and always left him as serene and unruffled as if everything in his conduct had been carried from the loftiest motives to the most successful ends. That he had been reprimanded, suspended, and all but expelled from half the colleges in the country, made no difference with him whatever; his talents always stood him in stead, and the various faculties were willing to receive him into favor again for the sake of a future which they felt must be either exceedingly good or exceedingly bad, and which it seemed to be the plain path of duty and policy to endeavor to influence rightly. It was Tom who, having obtained a certificate from some unknown physician that his health required stimulants, and having, against rules, boldly set up a barrel of ale in his closet with uproarious consequences—it was Tom who originated, when called before the authorities, the famous joke which has since gone all over the country, showing his certificate and telling them that the barrel of ale had proved of the greatest benefit to him, for when it came he could not lift it, and now he could lift it with the greatest ease, so gravely and soberly that they had not the heart to do more than give him a wilderness of bad marks and let him go. It was Tom, too, who, on publication of the Interdict against footballs, had a little grave dug and the college-ball buried in the grounds with ritualistic and sacerdotal honors, had the ghost of the football walk at night in the shape of a three-legged transparency hopping about the turf, and had its risen spirit ascend to heaven as a tiny red fire-balloon—for all of which he received, of course, another wilderness, expulsion being too severe, and suspension having proved a matter of no moment to Tom, who always filled his rusticated leisure with more capers than classics. But these trifles were mere play beside Tom's larger doings and undoings. Not that he ever fired barns, or blew up college-buildings with gunpowder, or exposed freshmen to the terrors of nights in tombs with dead bodies, or was the inventor of any trick which wounded the feelings of man or boy—good nature and good fun always filled the measure of Tom's days, and it is not of his general deeds that I am about to speak; for the slight incidents of one of much less brilliancy than any among all the rest, elevate, it seems to me, a piece of inimitable courage and coolness into a specimen of the very fine arts of impudence.

The family design to whose Procrustean bed Tom was constantly being stretched, and to the reaction from which he probably owed the greater part of his escapades, was the making of a minister out of the only boy—his mother was sure that she should die happy, could she but once see her son "wag his paw in a poopy"; and no pains had been spared with catechisms, strait-laced Sundays, sermons, psalms and tracts, to make the boy hate the whole business. Nor were the family at home greatly disheartened by the boy's suspensions and disgraces generally; his father knew Tom had talent in him; he believed tutors and professors were stupidly as much at fault as he; and, always considering him worth saving, after every apparent failure, he only redoubled his efforts, whether judiciously or otherwise—for though the boy might be at last too big to whip, he was never too big to exhort and threaten, and if he put the share to the root of his follies and sins

now, his father reasoned, his vitality and energy would by-and-by be turned to the more account in reaping the harvests of the Lord. As for Tom, he never said he would be a minister; he never said he wouldn't; he wanted an education, gotten comfortably, with his bills paid for him, and he feared that his father would give it him only on such an understanding; but at the same time his nature made it indispensable for him to have a good time as he went along, and, accordingly, he took it.

But there is an end to all things, and, among others, there came an end to Mr. Brierson's patience; and the last time that he paid Tom's debts, which seemed to grow up like a crop of mushrooms in the night, and got him well reinstated in his college, he told him it would never be done again, and he might choose his path, for if he went wrong now, it was a finality; no more influence would he use, no more bills would he look at, and Tom would find himself disinherited—so help him Heaven!—and adrift on the world with a thriftless young man on his hands. And Tom knew his father meant exactly what he said. But, for all that, Mr. Brierson loved the boy with a heart as soft as his words were stern, and when he felled him in his arms, and bade him good-by and Godspeed, Tom was convinced that there never was such a father, after all, and determined that this time he would keep straight, if he had to tie weights to his feet, as he expressed it.

But one might as well expect the north wind to blow from the south, as expect Tom Brierson to live the length of a college term without balancing all the favor won through his ability by some outbreak, shameful or absurd, as the case might be. After three months had passed decently and in order, life began to be shockingly dull to the poor fellow; he felt himself in prison; he longed for a night of wild turmoil; he cursed sober respectability with a will; and when, at length, some of his old cronies proposed a lark to New York and back on the Sound boat, Tom was their man in a moment. "Hurrah!" he cried. "The dikes are down, and after us the deluge!"

Tom had just about money enough for one good frolic, he thought; and should the sum run short, why, he could borrow again, as he had borrowed before, and trust to luck, if he couldn't trust to his father, for the means of repaying. Perhaps somewhere in the depths of his inner consciousness Tom had a dim idea of economizing in his legitimate expenses, in order to meet any deficiency, having, in reality, about as much acquaintance with economy as with Sanscrit; but the idea was very dim and momentary, and in the instant of its birth and death Tom had re-embarked on the full flood of pleasure, and the half-dozen good companions had rushed out of town on the afternoon train, and were sitting round a table on the Sound boat in as jolly a merrymaking as ever roused the night; while the weltering of the waves, the panting of the engines, the clattering of the dishes, the music of the band, the not infrequent remonstrances of clerks and waiters, only half-drowned the uproar of their glee, their jests and songs, and the popping of their champagne.

Now, there was a middle-aged gentleman who came on board the boat that night at its first stopping-place, and who, being the counsel of some important railroads at war with other important railroads, was often obliged to visit New York in the transaction of his business, and was in the habit of going by the Sound, and it afforded him a good night's sleep and a bit of salt water. He had been quietly supping at a little table, in the intervals of his newspaper reading, before betaking himself to his state-room, and had been very much disturbed in his reading by the hilarity at the other end of the long saloon. He rose at last, folding his newspaper with his usual deliberation, and walking down the place as he did so, glancing with some disgust at the table of roysterers as he approached them, and at their more than questionable companions, when—horror of horrors! what did he see?—his Tom!

"What! Thomas?" he cried, and seized the young man by the shoulder in the very act of tossing off a foaming bumper, and Tom turned to see his father frowning down on him like an angry Jove.

But Mr. Brierson, with all his ponderosity, might as well have attempted to catch a swallow on the wing as to catch Tom, too quick for anything but lightning. In the one swift glance the scamp's plan was laid, and he turned with a slight surprise, but no recognition on his face. "Sir?" said he.

"Thomas!" exclaimed the frate father again, at a loss for more instantaneous expression. "Did you wish to speak to me, sir?" said the son, blandly, now turning his head round to face his father more fully, as he set down his champagne glass. "Beg pardon"—while coolly surveying the other from top to toe—"but I think there must be some mistake."

"No mistake at all, sir!" roared Mr. Brierson. "Where are you going? And what are you doing here?"

"I declare, sir," said Tom, blazing up in reply, "if it comes to that, sir, I don't know that it is any of your business!"

"None of my business where my own son—" "Really, sir," said Tom, rising from his chair and putting his thumbs in his pockets, as he boldly confronted his angry interlocutor, "whom do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Whom do I suppose I am addressing?" cried Mr. Brierson. "I'll let you know whom I'm addressing! I'm addressing an insolent whelp! I'm addressing you, sir! I'm—" "Very well," interrupted Tom, quietly. "Perhaps you'll tell me who I am, then?"

"Do you dare, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Brierson, choking with rage—"do you dare to look at me in that manner?"

"A cat may look at a king, sir. I certainly don't know why I shouldn't look at you in any manner I choose. And, moreover, I certainly don't know any right you have to come and intrude on a total stranger—yes, sir, a total

stranger, sir—after this extraordinary fashion; interrupting my supper with your deuced impertinence! Why, sir, it's the very height of impudence! If it wasn't for your gray hairs—"

"One moment, young man," said the intruder, completely aghast and bewildered. "Is your name Thomas Brierson, or is it not?"

"Do you hear him, gentlemen?" laughed Tom. "I believe the man's a lunatic. Mr. Furness, be so kind as to tell this person my name, before he turns me into somebody else? I'll be hanged if I shall know who I am myself, if he keeps on."

"Mr. Thomas Jefferson Beardon, of Savannah, Georgia," said Mr. Furness, half rising from table, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. —Mr.—shall I say Toodles?"

"Come now, Furness, none of that. If the old Duffer has honestly mistaken me for another, I'm willing to overlook it. Are you satisfied now, sir?"

But, at that, the confused and confounded gentleman took Tom's arm and turned him to the light of the chandeliers—light that was not, to be sure, of the brightest. "Tom," said he, "are you out of your head?" and into his indignant tones there came something piteous. "Don't you know me, Tom?" and he paused to examine the face that met his gaze so unblushingly. Could it be possible that there were two beings in the world so astoundingly alike as this bad young man and his wild boy—were there two such fair freckled faces, two such heads of flaming hair, two such pairs of aloe-black eyes, two such broken noses—broken, Tom's was, in one of his countless scurrillages! If it were possible, then the whole world might be double, and he himself the lunatic the young man took him for. "Do you mean," stammered he, then, "absolutely to assure me that you are not my son, Thomas Brierson?"

"Good heavens, sir, you will oblige me to ask if there is any police on board! Assure you I am not your son Thomas Brierson? I can't absolutely assure you anything in the world, sir—but there is an old gentleman in Savannah who would be very much grieved if he thought so!"

Mr. Brierson dropped the arm he had been holding; he looked at Tom, looked at the table, at the champagne, at the companions, as if convinced that the old gentleman might be very much grieved, without thinking so. "I must believe you," said he, at last, in a stunned way. "But you will acquit me of rudeness, when I say that I would not have believed such a resemblance possible as that which I find between you and my son, a junior at Harvard College—"

"I am a junior of Harvard myself, sir. And, since you make the explanation, I accept it, though your conduct was—quite—quite— But there, let it pass! I have heard there was a member of the class, considered to be much like me in appearance," said Tom, loftily. "I never noticed it myself—but, our acquaintance is slight—he is one of the Digs—beg your pardon! I forgot altogether that he was your son. We lazy rascals always find the level by giving hard students opprobrious epithets. Glad to meet Brierson's father, though," said the voluble scapegrace. "Brierson of Grey's, I believe? Perhaps you will sit down and take a glass of wine with us?" added Tom, with a flourish.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

THE burglars had been very active and bold in their operations in our city, but as the thermometer had marked above the nineties for several days, and I had little of value in my room, I preferred to risk that little, and leave my window open, although of easy access, rather than undergo partial suffocation. If an uninvited guest made his appearance, and I did not awake, he would not disturb me; if I did awake, I could feign sleep, and let him take whatever he might find. "This class of visitors," I reasoned with myself, "do not generally commit personal violence, if they can accomplish theft and make good their escape without it."

These were my reflections every night as I undressed and threw myself on my bed, leaving my castle open to the enemy. I had been asleep one night about an hour, when I was awakened by the falling of a small china ornament. Starting slightly and opening my eyes, I saw the gas burning, and a tall, broad-shouldered man with his back turned toward me, but his face looking over his shoulder to see whether the noise had awakened me. Our eyes met, so that my plan to feign sleep would have been useless. My self-possession did not, however, forsake me. What followed illustrates the value of presence of mind.

Opposite the side of my bed, and about eight feet from it, was the door of my room, two or three feet from which were the stairs leading to the lower hall. The burglar must have used a ladder in ascending to the roof, from which he entered the windows. It was some thirty feet from the ground, and isolated. My plan was, not only to escape harm myself, but to effect his capture. I knew the policeman's beat, and that he would pass in a short while.

Sitting bolt upright, then, as I opened my eyes and saw the burglar looking very unpleasantly at me, I said, rubbing my eyes, drowsily—although, to tell the truth, I was never more wide awake in my life: "Hello, John, what are you looking for? Can't you come in my room without making such a confounded noise?"

The fellow, taken somewhat aback at being addressed in this way, said, in a low but menacing voice, and pointing a revolver at me, "Shut up! Who do you take me for?"

"I took you for John!" I replied, with well-assumed nonchalance. "But I didn't suppose he was after anything valuable, for he knows, as well as everybody else in the house, that I never keep anything valuable in my room,

except one thing, and—by-the-way, if you are not the unluckiest fellow in the world!"

"How's that?" growled my visitor.

"Well, I have a very good watch; but if you want to get it, you must pay a visit to the watchmaker's, after you leave here, for I had what I considered the bad, but what now seems the good, fortune to break the spring yesterday, and left it for repairs."

"You're a precious cool one!" he said, evidently astonished at my indifference.

"What's the use of my getting excited or attempting to resist you?" I answered. "You are armed, and you see I am not. And if you had no weapon, your fighting weight must be at least thirteen stone, while mine is not more than nine and a half. I have no idea of interfering with you. If the room were filled with diamonds, I would not raise my finger to save them. Take all you can find; I am going to sleep—so don't make any more noise!"

"Hold on!" said the fellow; "where's your keys?"

"I suppose you want to make as much of a haul as you can," I said; "so look in my pants hanging over the bedpost there, and you'll find my pocket-book, with a few stamps in it."

It was nearly time for the policeman to pass, and I paused to listen. I must in a few moments put my plan into execution. A glance quick as lightning, showed me that the key of the door was on the outside.

My listening expression did not escape the sharp and practiced eye of my grim visitor. It was a curious scene, no doubt: I sitting in my bed, in my night-clothes, unarmed, and this stalwart ruffian, pistol-in-hand, glaring half-suspiciously, half-ferociously at me, and almost in the crouching attitude of a tiger about to spring upon his prey. But there I sat, coolly conversing with him, the necessity of the moment keeping my wits too wide awake to allow my fears to get the upper hand for an instant.

"What are you listening to?" asked the burglar.

"I thought I heard a cry of fire."

There was another pause, only for an instant. In that instant, and in the dead stillness of the night, I heard the steady tramp of the policeman. It was some distance off.

"You will find," I said, "some clothes of mine in the press—they will, however, be too small for you. Good-night; the keys are in that middle drawer."

He turned to the drawer indicated, and, as he did so, with one tremendous bound, I cleared the space between my bed and the door, slammed the door, and locked it upon him. Oblivious of my *désobéissance*, I sprang to the steps. I had two flights to descend and the door to open, before I could reach the yard, but it was hardly possible for him to descend the ladder more quickly. Bounding rather than running down the stairs, I flung back the bolt and dashed into the yard. He was half-way down the ladder. Shouting "Police!" lustily, I seized the ladder at the bottom, and, using all my power, brought it and the burglar to the ground with a crash. The pistol he held in his hand fell from his grasp. I made a dash for it, and he, springing to his feet like a cat, rushed at me, and, as I stooped, seized me by the nape of the neck. I turned the pistol upward, and pulled the trigger. It merely snapped—there were no more charges in it. With a terrible oath, the baffled villain wrenched the weapon from my grasp, and raised it aloft to deal me what might have proved a fatal blow, when there was a rush behind him, and he was felled to the ground. The policeman had heard my shout, and was just in time to rescue me.

The burglar was soon secured; and, in my excitement, I was about to relate the story I have here told, when the policeman, with a smile, suggested that I might "ketch cold in them clothes." I then remembered, for the first time since I had sprung from my bed, that I was shoeless and stockingless, and had nothing on but my night-shirt, and I beat a hasty retreat. With a long-drawn breath, I took my fine gold repeater, which had had such a narrow escape, and was not at the watchmaker's after all, from under my pillow, looked at the hour, turned in, and after a little while fell asleep.

It is almost needless to add that the above story, narrated afterward to a jury, when I was in a better trim for story-telling than I was when the policeman interrupted me, had the effect of giving my visitor lodgings in a public institution, and secured me against a repetition of his call for at least ten years.

THE MAY MOVING.

SOME scenes witnessed by the present Desirable Tenant, during his investigations, were dramatic in their way. There was the eminently desirable investment near Delmonico's—everything in the house-taking or house-letting direction is "desirable"—which was "dirt cheap" at five thousand dollars premium and eight hundred and fifty dollars per annum. The locality was aristocratic, and letters could be directed "handsomely" to "P. D. Tennant, Esq., So-and-So, Fourteenth Street." Still, for such an outlay, there was an air of "squeeze." The hall was as a little tunnel. But subject to these narrow conditions, there was an elegant air about the tenement, even in spite of the stair, which was like a ladder leading to a loft. A distinguished-looking menial, ebony, led the way. He assumed that the Desirable Tenant was a visitor, at least he would not see him in the other light. He threw open the drawing-room door, announced him by his name, and threw the rest of the degrading office on those whom it most concerned. He made some remark about "a pussen," and retired. This was what I saw as I entered. A richly dressed lady, good-looking, and with two or three children about her, was at the fire, busy, I think, with some department of their toilet. A maiden aide-de-camp was in attendance. The room seemed handsome, with a great deal of velvet and gilt "nobbing." I never shall forget the haughty and angry stare she gave me.

"What do you want?" she said. "What is this?"

The D. T. faltered out some gentle explanation, at the same time tendering the order which Mr. Blather, or some one else, had drawn in his favor.

"Oh, this is Mr. Wilkinson's doings," the haughty lady said, turning to her attendant, her eyes flashing and her cheeks flushing. "It is intolerable. The house, sir, is not to be let. I shall not give my consent to it. It's quite a mistake—I shall not stir out of it."

Rather bewildered, the Desirable Tenant, seeing himself quite undesirable, protested he would not wish to be the cause of such discordant views between the two persons most concerned, and withdrew hurriedly, the lady rustling her stiff silk, fuming, and darting fierce looks at an imaginary Mr. Wilkinson. There was a whole story behind that significant little episode.

Some of the most curious features in these visits was the surprise, as the servant rashly showed you into the midst of some highly domestic scene; an entire family at lunch, for instance, a very fat leg of mutton steaming on the board, black bottles, sentry-wise scattered up and down the table. The resentful looks at being thus surprised were indescribable; the family indignation, strange to say, passing entirely over their own menial, whose fault it was, and settling on the D. T. I recall another awkward intrusion, where a pale sickly lady was discovered, with a bearded man on his knees before her, who rose and asked angrily, "What I wanted there?" To enter into explanation that "you came to see the house," appeared too absurd—the best thing to do was to withdraw abruptly. A good-natured but untidy maid-of-all-work explained confidentially "that it was Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, who had at last come together, and Miss Mew had put them in the front parlor for the day." I felt that a mansion hallowed by such a sacred reconciliation was not to be lightly profaned, so I took my way hurriedly from the place.

"What would you say," said an agent, confidentially, "to a house in Madison Square, at nine hundred and twenty dollars a year and no premium?" I could, only reply that, in such a case, speech would be silver, but that securing it on the spot would be golden. But was there no mistake? An order to view was immediately drawn, and I drove up to No. —, a really palatial building at the corner, with innumerable stories, portico, etc. Received with some loftiness by two menials, I said it must be a mistake, when one of them remembered that there was something of the kind floating in the mind of the family. It was down the street though, round the corner. This dashed all my hopes, the truth being that the tenement to be let was a sort of annex to the greater one. Still it looked desirable and imposing in its way, and it was legally No. —; letters could be addressed there. But, on entering, the arrangement seemed the oddest in the world. There was no "back," and the whole establishment was lit by what is called "borrowed" light. Through the area-rails there appeared to be a noble kitchen, with a vast range, but this proved to belong to the great hotel. The kitchen proper being a little cupboard, off another little cupboard, known as the hall. Living in Madison Square, or, rather, having the name of living there, seemed to be too dearly purchased on such conditions.

My last adventure was in this wise: With infinite perseverance, what suited in all points seemed at last to have been found—a real "bejew house," as one called it, or "b'jew" according to another, cheap, elegant, in the choice grounds of Mayfair. There was a stable and public-house opposite, but in Mayfair such things do not go for much. It was just the thing. But as the D. T., suspicious on all occasions, hurriedly opened the door leading to the lower regions, there issued from that darksome pit a gale of so awful a character—one on which you could have hung not only your hat but your great-coat, filling hall, stairs, the whole house—that the D. T. turned and fled.

THE STREET-CAR MURDER.

THE public of the whole country, besides the more directly interested citizens of New York, have been deeply excited over the outrage committed by William Foster on Mr. Avery D. Putnam, on the 26th of April, upon the platform of a Broadway car.

The inquest, held by Coroner Young, in the small examination-room attached to the Coroner's Office, in the City Hall, May 2d, attracted a great crowd. Assistant District-Attorney Fellows appeared for the prosecution. The prisoner was defended by ex-Judge S. H. Stuart, who contented himself with taking notes of the evidence, and asked no questions. The prisoner, Foster, wearing the dress and some of the externals of a gentleman, has an animal look, and preserved on this occasion an animal stolidity.

Mrs. Duval and her daughter, Mr. Putnam's companions during the fatal ride, gave in their evidence. Testimony was also elicited from the accomplices of the ruffian, the conductor, Goldthwaite, and the driver, Cunningham. The ante-mortem statement of Mr. Putnam was also read. It appears that on the night in question Mr. Putnam was escorting Mrs. and Miss Duval to church. Miss Duval complaining of the night-air, the gentleman arose and closed the door. Here, Foster, an acquaintance of the driver, who had evidently been watching the young lady, and who was standing on the front platform, reopened the door. The gentleman again pulled it to, and the driver's companion again rammed it open. The gentleman then expostulated with the driver's friend, and a third time closed the door. A third time was it thrown back, when William Foster suddenly listened to the appeals of the passenger, and allowed him to close the door. Presently, on Miss Duval's showing herself at the front window, the bully threw open the door, stared

significantly at the terrified young lady, pursed up his lips, and kissed at her a half-dozen times. The girl's mother shut the door, but the man reopened it. The gentleman then arose and told the scoundrel not to insult the ladies.

The conductor now stepped from the rear of the car, and asked what was the matter. The driver's friend said that he had paid his five cents, and wanted a seat; whereupon the conductor told him to enter, sit down, and behave himself. He sat down at the side of the startled girl. Much frightened, she arose and took a seat on the opposite side of the car.

The ruffian then turned his attention to the gentleman who accompanied the ladies. He asked him several impudent questions, and, on receiving no answer, said:

"I'm a-going as far as you go, and when you get off, I'll give you a h-l!"

At Forty-sixth Street the ladies and their escort alighted. The mother got out first, and the gentleman followed. Meanwhile the ruffian went out front, borrowed the driver's iron hook, ran around the car, crept up to his victim like an assassin, struck him with the hook, and inflicted a fatal wound. The man returned the hook to his friend, the driver, bade him good-night, and walked off. The driver started up his horses without a signal from the conductor, and the car rattled off, leaving the bleeding victim on the pavement.

The murdered man was a highly respectable merchant. Foster has political influence. Not long ago, it is said, he was a foreman of sewers up-town.

The blame of this affair is evidently shared to a considerable extent by the driver and conductor of the car, who play the rôle of adjutants and candle-holders in the drama. A mass of voluntary testimony has been elicited in the public press, going to show the low character of men employed by city railways for these responsible positions, and their frequent collusion with crime.

Our picture of the Coroner's Inquest shows the prisoner's counsel, Judge Stuart, noting the defense; immediately behind him is the defendant, and in front, Mrs. Duval, the principal witness.

On the 3d instant, Foster was arraigned before Judge Cardozo, in the court of Oyer and Terminer, in the presence of another vast assemblage. He will be tried on Thursday next.

Our picture of the Arraignment contains numerous portraits: The prisoner is seen seated at the right; over him, his counsel, ex-Judge Stuart, standing, and referring to his notes; the next head, at Stuart's left, is that of Judge Garvin. Judge Cardozo is presiding, and at the extremity of the picture, at the left, will be recognized the well-known lineaments of the Count Johannes.

"THE WINTER'S TALE," AT BOOTH'S THEATRE.

WE give on page 157 an illustration from this play, so magnificently revived at Booth's, and now in the full tide of success.

In Act the IV., of the "Tale," we are transported to the wild country of Bohemia, and after beholding a road near the Shepherd's farm and the Gardens of Polyxenes, the spectator witnesses a pastoral scene in Bithynia, with a distant view of the City of Neevea, and the chain of mountains known as the Mysian Olympus, wherein takes place all the wild and rustic revelry that characterized a Sheep-shearing Festival in the olden time, including, as extraordinary features, a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and a quaint, mad orle of satyrs and wild men of the woods, forming altogether an exciting and unusual theatrical pageant, exceedingly distinct and special, and bringing back, from the dead past, men and customs entirely new to the play-going folks of the day. This is the moment chosen for our engraving, one of the many artistic and truthful reproductions of ancient scenes and customs that adorn the play, and a notable and charming stage picture.

With our next number we shall present a fine illustration of the wonderful Coliseum scene, and the trial of Hermione, so superbly painted, grouped and arranged at this noble theatre.

AN AVALANCHE ON THE ALPS.

THE distinguished traveler Brockedon, describing the Val Anzasca and the pass of the Monte Roza, summed up the recollections of scenes through which he had journeyed, and acknowledged this pass to be the most wild, interesting and beautiful he had ever examined. The pass is in itself a view of imposing grandeur, and the low-lying valley, picturesque in the extreme. The foliage is of Italian richness and profusion, and the vines hang in festoons from tree to tree. With edges clear-cut against the sky, and frowning over this charming landscape, stands the snow-capped Monte Roza. At the foot of the mountain is the village of Maengnaga, resting in exuberant fertility. At times the mountain is sheathed, from its highest pinnacle to the lower glacier, with sparkling snow, hardly a projecting crag being visible until after the sun has started the icy crust; while the enormous *façade* is a perfectly inaccessible precipice, some ten thousand feet in height, and of awful steepness. To the left of Monte Roza, the smooth snowy cone of the Pizzo Bianco appears above a forest-covered crest. This is, however, but a portion of the heavy curtain of snow-clad mountains which stretches across the outspreading head of the valley.

The luxuriance of the valley gives fine pasturing, and the peasants turn their herds of sheep and cows into the broad roads to seek for themselves the most succulent grasses.

Not unfrequently does it happen that the huge mass of snow, becoming detached from the narrow shelves and the irregular crest, slides down the craggy face of the mountain, irresistible in force and eccentric in direction. The

cattle recognize the premonition of the coming avalanche, and, of a sudden, dash from the fields and seek safety by flight.

Our engraving represents such an incident, where a young cowherd is hastening, if that be possible, the retreat of his drove. The utmost dispatch is required, for there is no estimating the distance to which the avalanche may shoot. Brute and boy are justly frightened, and the chalets near the base are emptied in a trice of their occupants.

THE EMPEROR'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

BERLIN outdid herself in her late festal reception of her Emperor and Crown-Prince. The famous Lindens were hung with decorations, and banners and transparencies seemed to fill the air. Through all the hilarity, the stern Viking face of the old monarch wore its usual soldierlike passiveness, though a tide of emotion must have surged through his being; and those *Te Deums*, so much misconstrued, that have filled his dispatches, on this occasion filled his heart. The Empress, less self-possessed, bowed to right and left among the cheering throng with evident pleasure. Flowers filled her lap. In a second barouche the Crown-Prince, with England's fair daughter at his side, rode through the press, and seemed, as the more active soldier of the campaign, to get a louder chorus of *vivats* than his royal father.

A VISIT TO THE MOUNT WASHINGTON PHILOSOPHERS.

MAY-DAY was celebrated by the powers of the air, among the White Hills, by a considerable snow-storm. From the narrative of a correspondent, who visited the summit of Mount Washington, a few days before, we make an extract:

"It is well known that the summit of Mount Washington, N. H., has been inhabited during the whole of the past Winter by a party of scientific observers, and, no doubt, most of your readers have read the reports of the party, as telegraphed from the summit, in the daily papers. Professor J. H. Huntington is the leader of the band, and is admirably fitted for such a position. Their main object is to make meteorological observations, to aid the Signal Service of the United States in reporting the approach of storms, etc., that sailors and others may be warned in time, and many lives saved.

"Being desirous of making a call upon the party, and of experiencing life at such a height above the 'lower regions,' I proceeded to Littleton, N. H., where I was joined by Mr. J. W. Kilburn, the well-known White Mountain photographer. From Littleton we proceeded in a sleigh to the White Mountain House, which, as visitors to the White Mountains know, is seventeen miles from Littleton, and nearly at the junction of the road to the Crawford House and the road to the railroad dépôt at the foot of Mount Washington.

"The height of Mount Washington is 6,216 feet, and the distance from base to summit, by rail, is 2 13-16 miles. We were two and a half hours making the ascent.

"We suffered no great inconvenience until we neared the Lizzie Bourne Monument. Say, a quarter-mile below it, there is a sharp curve in the road. To save time, we thought we would take the bridle-path over the rocks, and cross this curve. We made a mistake, for the snow was so blinding and the wind so cutting that all directions seemed alike, and we once feared we were lost! If any one attempts the ascent in a storm, keep on the right side of the track, and, as you climb, bear toward the right constantly, and you cannot well get lost. We found the track completely snowed under in some places; but as we neared the summit, the rails were visible almost entirely.

"Snow has but little chance on the summit; the wind blows it off down into the ravines. When about half a mile from the summit, we began to see the beautiful and wonderful frost formations, which completely cover every object to which they can fasten themselves.

"These frost-flowers are a mystery to the philosophers. They are created with every moist wind, and are of very curious shapes. The majority of them resemble the feathered wings and tails of large birds. They are of the purest white; hard and tough—almost elastic; different from ice or snow, and more easily melted than either. Yet, I carried a box full of them on my back to Littleton, and found many of them of perfect shape.

"By the time we arrived at the summit, it was about five p.m. The snow was driving furiously, and we could barely see. We found but two of the party remaining there—Sergeant Theodore Smith, of the United States Signal Service, who, in addition to being a skilled observer, also managed the telegraph; and Mr. A. S. Nelson, an amateur meteorologist, from Massachusetts.

"They heard our voices, and came out to help us in 'the house.' We found their 'house' to consist of one room, eleven feet wide, twenty long, and eight high. This is their parlor, banqueting-hall, dressing-room, bed-chamber and observatory, to all of which uses I was privileged to put it. I send you a sketch of the interior. On one side you see the two windows, which also show in the exterior view of the building. There, also, is the dining-table, the telegraphic office, the book-shelves, and—the coffee-mill; which latter was put into motion almost as soon as we arrived. On a shelf, at the right, will also be seen the anemometer—an instrument used to measure the wind. It was also used soon after we arrived, and the wind found to be blowing at the rate of 79.6 miles per hour. At the rear end of the room are the beds and bunks, in the upper one of which I slumbered while the wind hushed me.

"On the other side are the barometers, the blackboard on which Sergeant Smith makes

his calculations, snow-shoes, brooms, etc., and a row of nine pipes, over which is written, 'Take your Choice'—a very safe offer, for visitors are few in that locality.

"Our descent was made in an hour and a half, and we had a clear view all the way. Seven miles, then, in snow-shoes; then eighteen in the sleigh, back to Littleton; and from there up to Montreal, for a good long sleigh-ride."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

PROFESSOR LIEBIG is compiling a cyclopedia of chemistry.

CARLINVILLE, Ill., employs the services of a female barber.

"ACCLIMATED Chinese tea plants" are advertised for sale.

THERE are said to be nearly 20,000 veterans of the war of 1812 still living.

BERLIN is to have a new paper that will be published three times a day.

GEORGE SAND is a candidate for one of the seats now vacant in the French Academy.

DR. DÖLLINGER is about to publish a new pamphlet against the dogma of Infallibility.

YELLOW amber in large quantities is being found at various points on the Mexican coast.

In July next the Crown-Princess of Prussia will publish her book on "Female Labor."

PRINCE ORLOFF has been designated for the post of Russian Minister Plenipotentiary at Berlin.

KING LUDWIG of Bavaria is reported engaged to the young Grand Duchess Maria of Russia.

A CAR-LOAD of silk-worm cocoons, worth \$500,000, reached here May 4th, en route from California to England.

THE Emperor and Crown-Prince of Germany, according to the German papers, will shortly pay a visit to the Czar.

THE aggregate manufactures of Cincinnati last year amounted to \$121,459,021, as against \$49,406,062 ten years ago.

MR. C. P. SYKES was the recipient, last week, of a very elegant set of diamond studs, from his friend, Mark M. Fomeroy, Esq.

THE Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the distinguished Scotch divine, has intimated a purpose to visit the United States some time next Autumn.

GENERAL CLUSERET has promised Mr. Washburne to protect the Americans in Paris, saying: "I shall perhaps one day need your protection."

THE widow of Scroff, the Russian composer, has had a pension of one thousand roubles a year conferred on her by the Emperor Alexander.

HERR EDWARD SINGER has received from the King of Wurtemberg the gold medal for art and science, in consideration of his services in the cause of music.

MR. BRADFORD sailed for Europe on the 29th ultimo, to deliver in person, to Mr. Ashbury, the well-known yachtsman, the painting commissioned by him when in this city last year.

AFTER a recent appearance of Mlle. Nilsson in Nashville, Tenn., she was serenaded by the band of the Sixteenth United States Infantry, and a grand review of the troops was given in her honor.

PETER VON HESS, a German historical painter, died at Munich last month. The reputation of Hess was founded on his paintings of the battle-fields of the German campaigns in France in 1814 and 1815.

QUEEN VICTORIA visits Prince Albert's tomb every day at Windsor, places a basket of fresh flowers near it, reads a chapter in the Bible, kneels down and offers up a prayer that she may meet him in the world to come.

THE Spanish authorities are said to have full information as to the assassins of Marshal Prim, but are deterred from arresting or prosecuting them on account of their high social position and influential connections.

THE son of the Mexican Emperor Iturbide is now twenty-one years old. After the death of Maximilian, by whom he was adopted, he fled to Italy. He is now in Hungary, and is engaged to be married to the daughter of a wealthy Hungarian nobleman.

THE high reputation enjoyed by the banking firm of Jay Cooke & Co. in American financial circles, has rendered the establishment of Jay Cooke, McCulloch & Co., in London, a popular resort for our citizens sojourning in that city, and also the moneyed men of the English metropolises.

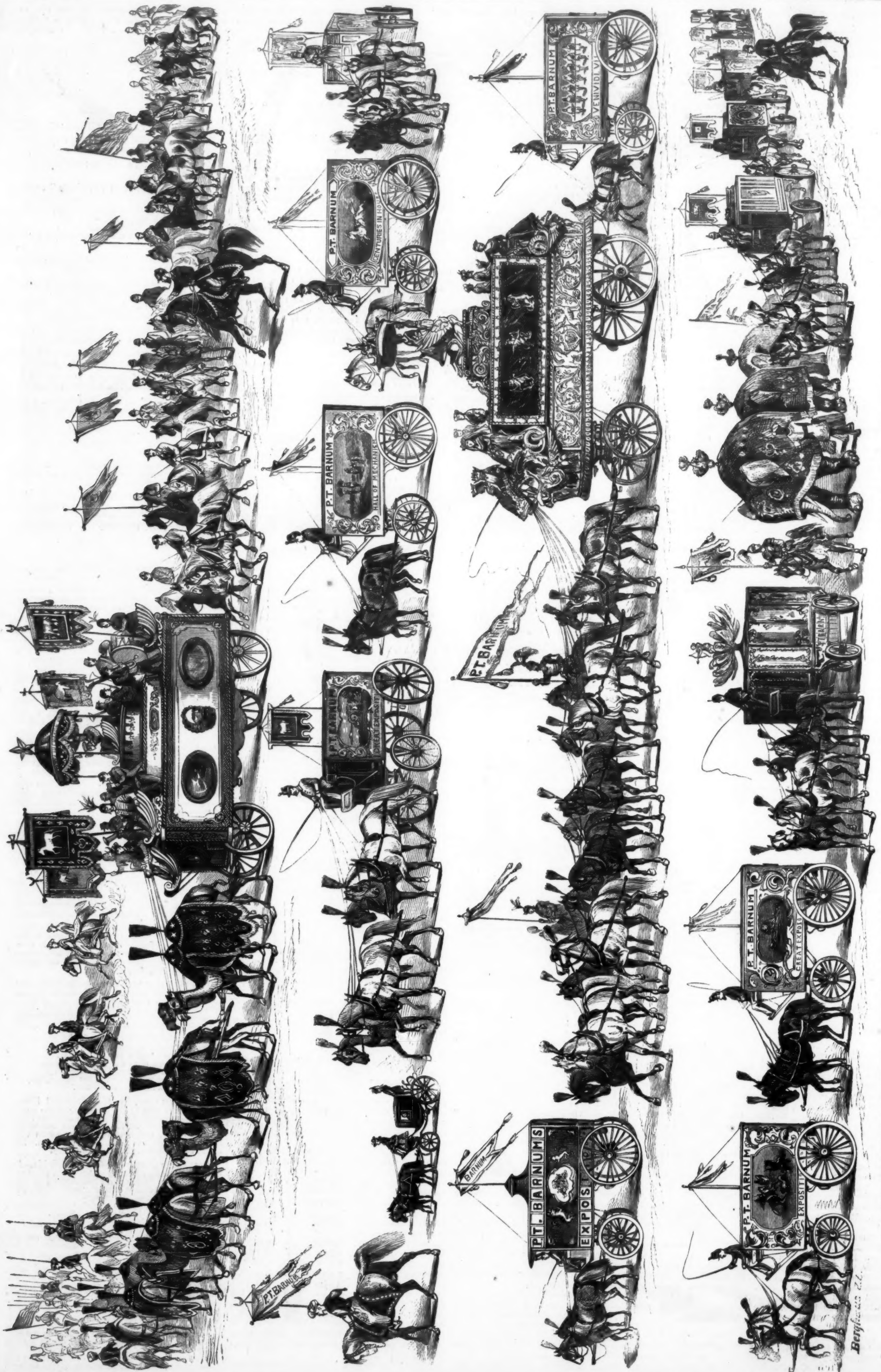
THE surviving members of the Ninth Regiment (Hawkins's Zouaves) will celebrate the anniversary of their departure for the seat of war, in 1861, in June. A preliminary meeting will be held at the Armory of the First Infantry, in Thirty-second Street, New York, on the evening of May 12th.

A SECOND convocation of bishops of the Episcopal Church, at Chicago, Ill., has decided upon the degradation of the Rev. Edward H. Cheney, for omitting a word from the ritual. Notwithstanding this, the pastor's congregation refuse to give him up, and, in case he is deprived of his license, they will probably form a new church for him.

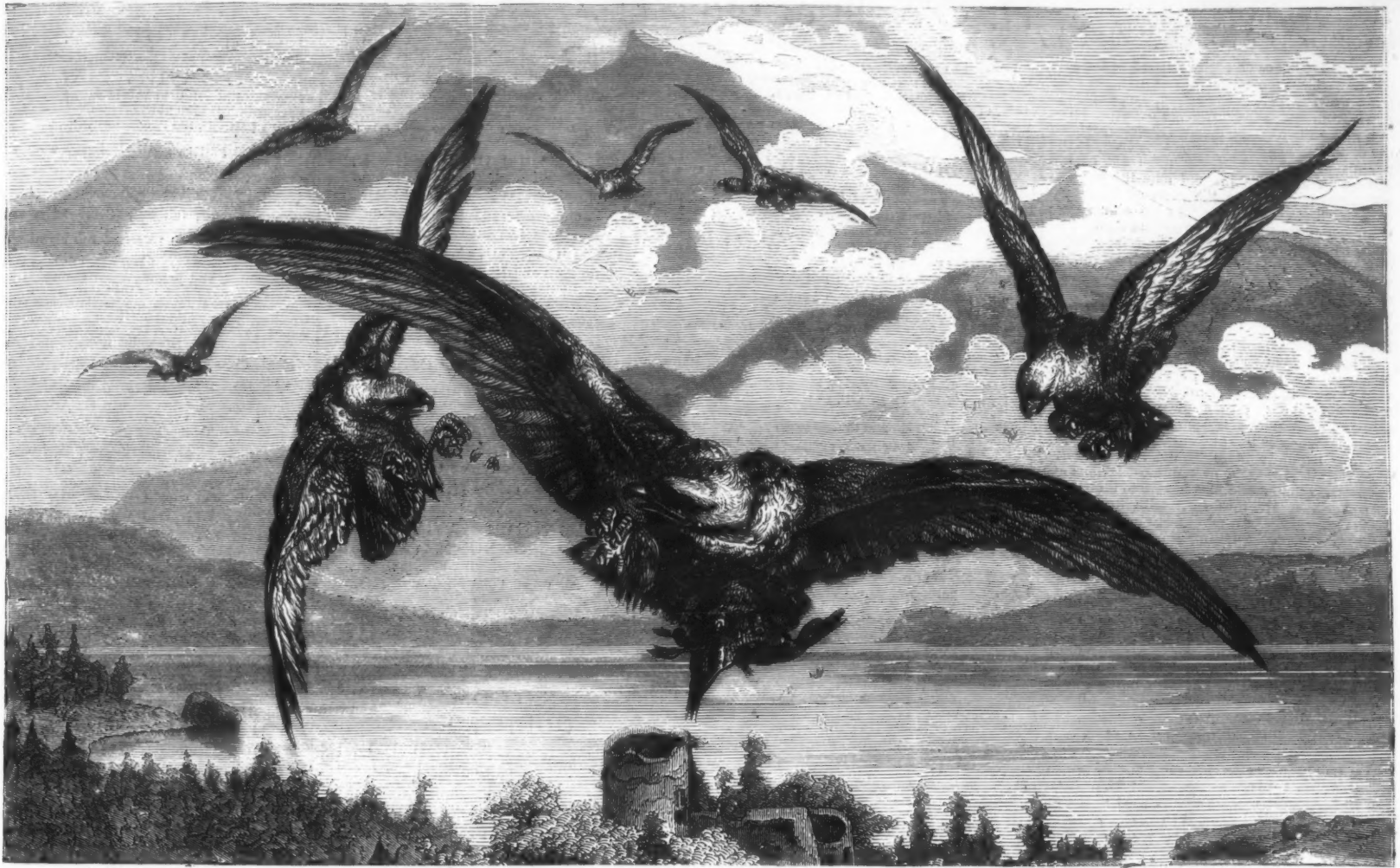
THEOPHILE GAUTIER, the renowned literary animal-fancier, had, at the beginning of the siege of Paris, one hundred and fifty cats, and at the capitulation, discovered that his feline stock had been reduced to nine, owing to the roving habits which made them a prey to the hungry population. Even of the nine, four had their tails shot away.

COLLECTOR FORNEY, of Philadelphia, has completed arrangements by which goods arriving at New York from foreign ports, and destined for Philadelphia, will be brought thither in bonded cars, without detention in the New York Custom House. At present the duties paid by Philadelphia merchants are made to appear as if paid by New Yorkers.

Mlle. OTHILIE BOUSSON, who labored so earnestly during the French war to collect and forward to Paris articles of relief for the wounded, has been presented, by the Comité des Secours of New York, with an elegant testimonial. It is in the form of a locket, the reverse having her initials in relief, studded with some seventy or eighty choice diamonds, and surrounded by a wreath of leaves, beautifully engraved. The obverse contains a flag of white enamel, with a cross set with twelve rubies. The points of contact with the staff, as well as the surrounding spear, are set with diamonds. This, too, is surrounded by a wreath of leaves. Both sides of a middle leaf contain the legend explaining the gift. With the locket is a snake necklace, which may be taken apart and used as a pair of bracelets. The testimonial is of the highest workmanship, and is a deserved compliment to an intelligent and patriotic lady.



THE PRINCE OF SHOWMEN.—BARNUM'S STATE-PROGRESS ACROSS THE CONTINENT WITH HIS SUPERB TRIPLE SHOW—MUSEUM, MENAGERIE, CARAVAN AND HIPPODROME.



THE Foe of the Poultry-Yard.—HAWKS QUARRELING OVER THE OLD DRAKE.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

P. T. BARNUM'S LAST ENTERPRISE.

WHEN Mr. P. T. Barnum retired from active business, after the last destruction by fire of his great museum property, the public very naturally wondered what marvel he would flash upon them next. Everybody was positive that he was a gentleman of far too great activity to become a hermit, and while awaiting a solution to the query, the subject was uniting all his wonderful energies for a display such as the world had never before seen. Trusty agents, furnished with the fullest *carte blanche*, literally ransacked the uttermost parts of the earth, and brought their varied treasures to the genial showman, who rubbed his hands merrily at the prospect of success beyond anticipation. Enjoying every possible facility, in the course of three years he gathered the details of a tenth wonder of the world.

It is but a few weeks since he announced the first exhibition of his remarkable museum, menagerie, caravan and hippodrome—and the public, long anticipating an enterprise of dimensions that none but he dare inaugurate, flocked to study the thousand-and-one, rare spectacles. Heretofore each branch of his exhibition has been considered sufficiently gigantic for the energies and resources of one party, but the combination of all, under the direct supervision of Mr. Barnum himself, is a managerial feat that is now and



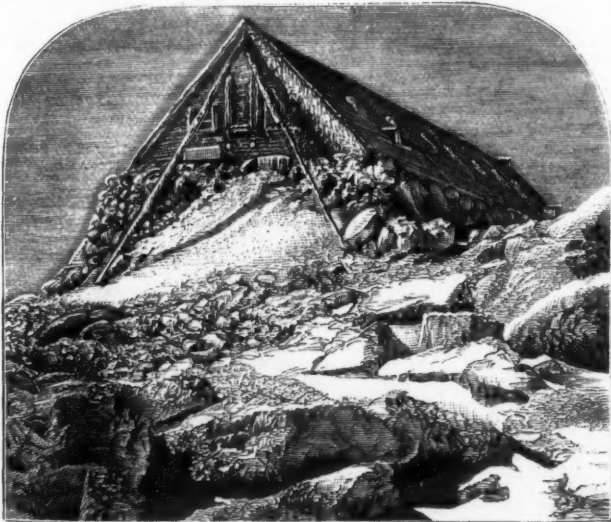
NEW HAMPSHIRE.—MAY-DAY ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.—INTERIOR OF THE TIP-TOP HOUSE, AND HOME OF THE OBSERVATION PARTY.—SKETCHED BY EDWARD L. WILSON.—SEE PAGE 163.

carefully studied while the arrangement of this entertainment was in progress; and as a result, students in geology, zoology, ornithology, mechanics, numismatics, science and art, will find much to please the eye and instruct the mind.

If the execution of the bold conception has been highly successful, its reception by the public has been equally so. Indeed, so numerous have been the spectators, that the three tents, mammoth in size at the start, have been enlarged three times. The hippodrome tent of itself will comfortably seat eight thousand persons. Next to Mr. Barnum's lifetime motto, to get the best at any cost, the secret of this result is found in the perfect security from accident and insult to ladies and children.

The combination is now doing for canvas what his Jenny Lind enterprise did for public halls. Its patrons are not individuals, but communities. But this swimming and unprecedented success would come to a full stop in one day, if profanity and indecency, instead of being rigorously forbidden, were encouraged. The community at large respects decency. The show is large, and, better still, it is clean—clean to the eye, and to the moral sense.

As a moral instructor of youth, it occupies a high position, and Sabbath-school teachers have found in its historical department, a valuable aid in their Scriptural studies.



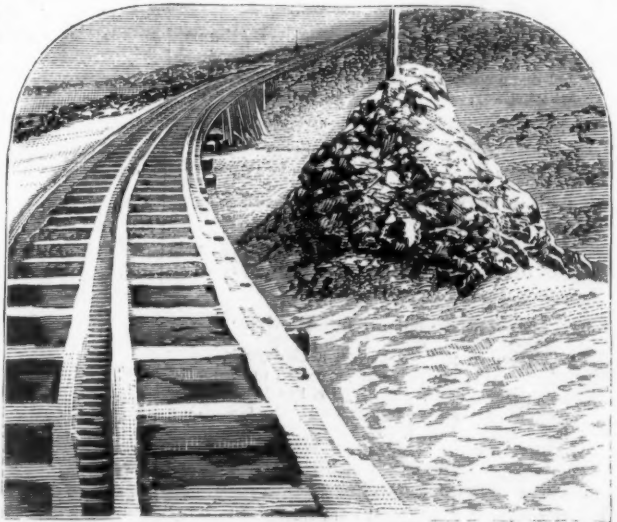
MAY-DAY ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.—VERNAL ASPECT OF THE TIP-TOP HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KILBURN BROTHERS, LITTLETON, N. H.

will be unparalleled. The combined show is, in very truth, a kaleidoscope of the entire world, representing the highest types of animal life of every clime, unique curiosities of Nature, and wonders of mechanical skill, that seem brought unto a few degrees from human life.

The exhaustless resources of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with their sub-divisions, China, Japan, Australia, the North Polar regions, South Sea Islands, Arabia, Turkey, Abyssinia, Slam, Circassia, Egypt, Hindoostan, Calcutta, the Pacific, Arctic, Indian, and Atlantic Oceans, together with the Red Sea and the Holy Land—productions of Indians, Cannibals, and Barbarians, have all been levied into contribution by the well-known proprietor of this establishment, at an unprecedented expenditure.

These curiosities have been so classified for this great exhibition, as to challenge the admiration not only of naturalists, but of poets, statesmen, philosophers, and divines—representatives of the moral, physical, political, and ecclesiastical world, and to which all may harmlessly, and with perfect immunity, severally or unitedly, repair.

Each department is distinct and complete in itself, and one has but to pass from one tent to another to enjoy a bewildering and comprehensive journey around the world. Every disposition of human nature seems to have been



MAY-DAY ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.—THE RAILROAD AND LIZZIE BOURNE MONUMENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KILBURN BROS., LITTLETON, N. H.

THE FOE OF THE WARREN—THE FOE OF THE POULTRY-YARD.

Few animals are so easily startled as the rabbit, and few have so many enemies. Sundry birds are very fond of the young, and, swooping down from some height, make dreadful havoc in a warren before the inmates can comprehend the danger. Foxes are particularly crafty in the pursuit of rabbits, and dig them out of the ground in an ingenious and expeditious manner. From many foes the little creatures escape by diving suddenly into their burrows; but even there they are not beyond danger, as many small animals will follow them, and cause death within their own castles. The rabbit, with all its timidity, is quite a sagacious animal, and a fox, with all his cunning, has difficulty in seizing it, even if, as in the incident shown in our engraving, he gets pretty close before being recognized.

The courage of the hawk is of the most determined character, and the muscular power very great. It is not so swift as its prey, and is therefore obliged to steal upon them, and seize its victim by a sudden and unexpected pounce. When it has once grasped its prey, it is rarely found to lose its hold, even by the most violent struggles, or the most furious attack. Only the female bird is able to cope with so powerful a creature as a full-grown hare; for the male, although more swift of wing, and therefore better adapted for chasing birds than the female, is comparatively feeble. When it has once seized its prey, it is full of exultation, and gives free scope to its ferocious disposition; so that, when attacked by others of its family, it will offer a sturdy resistance, never for a moment losing its hold of its victim. Such contests are of frequent occurrence, especially if the hawks are hungry, and for a while the aerial battle will be fought with intense stubbornness.

JOHN LOBDELL's uptown Bazaar, 1,180 Broadway, contains one of the finest assortments of Gents' and Boys' Clothing in the city. Good Clothing is necessary, but a good fit is more so, and Mr. LOBDELL has both. Latest assortments in good cloths, for Spring and Summer, just received.

REAL business enterprise has its home at Ehrich's popular Temple of Fashion, No. 287 8th Ave. Having eclipsed all competition in Undergarments, they are now leading the market in Real Guipure Laces. Ladies should not fail to read their advertisements. Orders by mail receive special attention.

We observe that the managers of the Grand Diamond Gift Concerts have made a final postponement until July 5th, in order to complete the sale of tickets.

Sane at Last! "For five years" writes a gentleman at Harrisburg, Pa., "I was on a wild-goose chase after remedies for dyspepsia. I have taken, first and last enough 'infallible cures' to float a jolly-boat, and the more I swallowed the faster I got no better. Luckily, or rather providentially, it came into my head to try Dr. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS. This was about five months ago. In less than six weeks not a twinge remained to remind me of the complaint. I am perfectly well, and have only one regret—that I did not discover the true specific sooner."

We send single Waltham Watches by express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our "Price-List," which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER." HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, N. Y. All prices reduced since February 1st.

THE Philadelphia Scientific Journal says that "Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, are so well and extensively known all over this continent, that to name them and explain the nature of their business would be superfluous. No Newspaper Advertising Agency has ever displayed more energy and skill in the transaction of this delicate and tact-requiring business."

CLOVERINE, for cleaning Silks, Satins, Laces, Gloves, Sewing Machines, etc. It is an agreeable substitute for Benzine, possessing none of its offensive properties, but all its useful ones in a superior degree. Benj. B. Rotton & Co. Brooklyn, P. O. (Box 120.) Price 15 and 25 cts. per Bottle. 816-21

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

TAKE AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a Purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use.

If you would have no gray hairs, use HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, the only sure preventive.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

I HAVE in my possession a Grover & Baker Machine that my husband purchased in Boston fifteen (15) years ago. I presume it has done as much work as any two sewing machines in this county, and it is still a good machine.

Mrs. R. D. HATCH,
Fremont, O.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.—The only paper for the young. Capital Stories, continued and complete; Travels, Adventures, etc.; Coin Articles; Weekly Prizes. Price 5 cents. For sale at all news-depots.

H. O'Neill & Co.

HAVE

OPENED THEIR NEW STORES,
327 and 329 Sixth Avenue, between Twentieth
and Twenty-first Streets, with a COMPLETE ASSORT-
MENT of

FRENCH and ENGLISH MILLINERY
GOODS, all of the LATEST IMPORTATIONS.

NOW OPENING,

50 doz. FRENCH CHIP HATS, just received, \$3. Sold
on Broadway at \$4.
75 doz. LEGHORN FLATS, from \$1.20 to \$7.
LEGHORN BONNETS, all the newest shapes.
WHITE PAMELA HATS from 40c. to 75c.; sold
elsewhere for 75c. and \$1.
Complete assortment of STRAW GOODS.

NOW OPENING,

A full and complete line of GROS-GRAIN SASH
RIBBONS, all new Spring shades, at greatly re-
duced prices.
50 Cartons of SCOTCH PLAID SASH RIBBONS, 70c.;
worth \$1.
50 Cartons of BLOCK PLAID, 95c.; formerly \$1.35.
50 Cartons of FANCY PLAID, \$1; formerly \$1.50.
Best assortment of GROS-GRAIN BONNET RIB-
BONS in the city, and the cheapest.

JUST RECEIVED,

500 Cartons of FRENCH FLOWERS, finest imported.

NOW OPENING,

Full Line of
SAMUEL COURTAULD & CO.'S

ENGLISH BLACK CRAPES.

NOW OPENING,

500 Doz. LUPIN'S Famous TWO-BUTTON KID
GLOVES, \$1.25.
500 Doz. Extra Quality, \$1.43; sold elsewhere, \$2.
All New Spring Shades.

LATEST NOVELTIES IN SPRING SCARFS & TIES.
DOTTED NETS FOR VAILS,
THREAD LACES,

TRIMMING LACES.

Ladies will please call and examine our stock of
CHIP and LEGHORN HATS, as they are
50 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY PRICES.

All goods marked in plain figures.

H. O'Neill & Co., 327 & 329 Sixth Ave.,
Between 20th and 21st Streets.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,

USE PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE
LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Pre-
pared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49
Bond Street, New York. Sold by druggists every-
where. 808-20

It will obliterate Sallowiness, Moth
patches, Sunburn, Coarseness, etc., and give a marble-
like complexion of great beauty. Hagan's Magnolia
Balm will perpetuate the bloom of youth for years.
What the Balm is to the complexion, Lyon's Cele-
brated Katharon is to the hair. It causes the hair
to grow luxuriantly, eradicates dandruff, prevents the
hair from falling out or turning gray. 816-19

\$860,000.

THE

Great Diamond Gift Concerts

WILL BE HELD IN WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 5TH,
UNDER DIRECTION OF COMMITTEES
FROM ALL CITIES, WHEN

\$860,000 in

GENUINE DIAMONDS,

Constituting the Largest and most Valuable Col-
lection in the world, will be distributed
to Ticket-buyers.

THERE ARE 9,650 PRIZES,

EVERY PRIZE A

GENUINE DIAMOND,

From the Imperial Set of \$60,000, to the Smallest
Single Gem of \$55.

LOOK AT THE CIRCULARS OF THE DAY.

Call upon Our Agents,

AND EXAMINE THE CERTIFICATES OF THE
LEADING MEN OF THE COUNTRY,

Guaranteeing and Securing every Point.

Tickets \$6.00.

J. L. ROBERTSON & CO., Agents,
678 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

National Bank of the Republic, Depository. Tickets
for sale at P. C. DEVELIN'S, 31 Nassau Street; Ticket
Offices of Principal Hotels; DELMONICO'S; A. M.
CONKLIN'S, corner 34th Street and Broadway. if

SODA FOUNTAINS—Best and Cheapest:
\$40 to \$100. J. CHAPMAN & CO.,
815-19 Madison, Ind.

HERMON W. ATWOOD, APOTHECARY,

846 BROADWAY.

FULL ASSORTMENT of LUBIN'S
EXTRACTS, POWDERS, COSMETIQUES, etc.,
and a general variety of TOILETTE GOODS, IVORY
BRUSHES, MIRRORS, COMBS, etc.

The ATWOOD COLOGNE; Naldire's DOG SOAP for
washing dogs, contains no poison.

FARINA COLOGNES by box, or in wicker. 813-16

\$300 A MONTH, and EXPENSES, to
good Canvasers. Samples free.
809-16 C. M. LININGTON, Chicago.



RICH CARPETS.

THE NEWEST PATTERNS and
LATEST COLORINGS of

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARPETS

Are constantly being added to our already

VERY LARGE and ATTRACTIVE ASSORTMENT.

FRESH CANTON MATTINGS,

WHITE, CHECKED and FANCY, just received. The
attention of Housekeepers is respectfully invited.

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

NOW OPEN, A SPLENDID

ASSORTMENT of

SATIN DAMASKS, BROCATELLES,

PLAIN, STRIPED and FIGURED SILK TERRIES,

TAPESTRY and CLOTH COVERS.

BILLIARD CLOTHS, ALL COLORS.

SATTEENS, CRETONNES, CHINTZES,

FURNITURE TWEELS,

SWISS and NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS,

BED-SPREADS,

WINDOW SHADES,

HAIR and SPRING MATTRESSES,

PILLOWS, BOLSTERS, Etc., Etc.,

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

10 CASES STRIPED, CHECKED, and

CHENE SILKS,

The Finest Assortment offered this season, now

opening.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS,

QUILTS, Etc.

SEVERAL HUNDRED DOZEN

of TURKISH TOWELS, WHITE and BROWN,

25 PER CENT. UNDER USUAL PRICES.

A large lot of the best BARNESLEY TABLE LINEN,

from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 yards wide. These are extra superior

qualities, and will wear better than any goods of the

kind in the trade, and can be CONFIDENTLY RE-

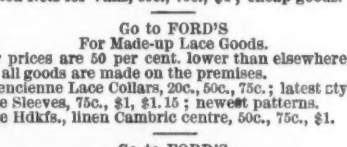
COMMENDED.

IRISH, SCOTCH and BARNESLEY SHEETINGS, in all

widths.

50 BALES RUSSIA CRASH—VERY LOW PRICES.

MARSEILLES QUILTS in every size and quality.



FORD'S, 311 SIXTH AVENUE

Between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets.

French Gros-Grain Ribbons, in all the New Shades.

Black Gros-Grain, all Silk, bonnet width, 37c.

Ladies' Silk Neckties, yard and quarter long, 30c.

Long Fringe Neckties, 50c.; worth 75c.

Roman Neckties, all colors, 30c., selling fast.

Go to FORD'S

For Flowers and Straw Goods.

Entire New Stock of Millinery Goods, Thread Laces,

Black Silk and Blond Laces.

Dotted Nets for Vails, 55c., 75c., \$1; cheap goods.

Go to FORD'S

For Made-up Lace Goods.

Our prices are 50 per cent. lower than elsewhere, as

all goods are made on the premises.

Valencienne Lace Collars, 20c., 50c., 75c.; latest styles.

Lace Sleeves, 75c., \$1, \$1.15; newest patterns.

Lace Hdks, linen Cambric centre, 50c., 75c., \$1.

Go to FORD'S

For Embroideries, Great Clearing Out Sale.

Fine Edgings, reduced to 75c.; former price, \$1.

Fine Edgings, reduced to 50c.; former price, 75c.

Fine Edgings, reduced to 35c.; former price, 50c.

5,000 yds. of Hamburg Embroideries, 10c., 12c., 15c., 20c.

CHEAPEST GOODS IN THE CITY.

ONE PRICE ONLY.

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

FORD'S, 311 SIXTH AVENUE.

Between Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets.

MEARES' PARAGON SHIRTS, made

to order of best materials, and

WARRANTED TO FIT.

Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country

at the following rates:

6 Shirts, good muslin and linen fronts, \$9.

6 Shirts, better muslin and good linen, \$10.50.

6 Shirts, Masonville muslin and fine linen, \$12.

6 Shirts, Wamsutta muslin and very fine linen, \$13.50.

6 Shirts, New York Mills and best linen, \$15.

Directions for measurement forwarded on appli-

cation.

RICHARD MEARES,

Corner Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

VINEGAR—HOW MADE IN 10 HOURS.

without drugs. Particulars, 10 cts. F. SAGE,

Cromwell, Conn. 809-21

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY OF

CUBA.—\$300,000 in gold drawn every seven-

teen days. Prizes cashed and information furnished

by GEO. UPHAM, 9 Weybosset Street, Providence,

R. I. 816-28

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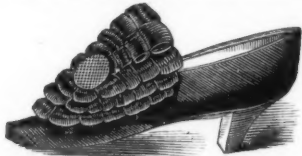
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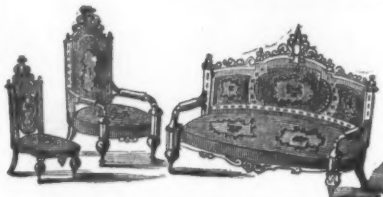
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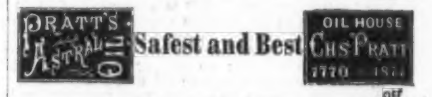
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